OUTLOOK
and Independent

VOL. 159—No. 4

SEPTEMBER 23, 1931

"Aggressive fighting for the right is the noblest sport the world affords."
—*Theodore Roosevelt*

WITH OUR READERS

Correction

To the Editor: *New York City*

SIR—My attention has just been called to an article in the OUTLOOK of August 26, by one Caleb Johnson, under the caption, "Crossing the Color Line."

On pages 527 and 528 reference is made to my father, my mother, and myself. What the writer says is in the main a tissue of falsehoods. Thus, my parents had but one child and I am he. Neither one of them was born in New Orleans. My mother was not born a slave. Etc., etc., etc.

I am astounded that a magazine with the circulation and pretensions of the OUTLOOK would publish such an article without first at least making an earnest, systematic, and intelligent endeavor to verify the assertions of fact. In the case of my own family, such verification could have been had easily. I am indignant beyond words. The article is a grave injury to the good names of my father, my mother, and myself.

ROSCOE CONKLING BRUCE.

Mr. Johnson Replies

To the Editor: *New York City*

SIR—I cannot adequately express my regret that the reference to the late Blanche K. Bruce in my article, "Crossing the Color Line," should have been inaccurate in the respects to which Mr. Roscoe Conkling Bruce calls attention. I set down the anecdote precisely as it was told to me, many years ago, by the late Daniel C. Lockwood, who served in Congress at the time when Mr. Bruce was in the Senate. I had no means of verifying it, and it never occurred to me that Mr. Lockwood might have been in error. As to reflection upon the good names of the late Mr. Bruce and his wife, nothing could have been farther from my thought or intention. Surely it is no disgrace to have risen from slavery to high position, while there was no implication intended that these good people acted in any way except such as was dictated by the highest motives and the deepest love for their children.

Let me repeat that I am so deeply grieved at having been led into a misstatement of fact, in repeating a tale which was told me years ago, that I know of no way in which to express my regret.

I wish you would, in my behalf, extend my sincerest apologies to Mr. Roscoe Conkling Bruce. I shall also take opportunity to make personal amends, so far as that is possible.

CALEB JOHNSON.

[*Editor's Note*—The facts in the case, as supplied by Mr. Roscoe Conkling Bruce's attorney, are as follows:

March 1, 1841, Blanche K. Bruce was born a slave in Prince Edward County, Virginia. He died in Washington, D. C., March 17, 1898. Mr. Bruce served the full six-year term as United States Senator from Mississippi (1875-1881), after which he served several terms as Registrar of the United States Treasury, Recorder of Deeds, D. C., etc. Among Mr. Bruce's speeches in the Senate are An Address Delivered in Behalf of Admitting P. B. S. Pinchback as Senator from the State of Louisiana (Congressional Record, 1st Session, pp. 1444-5); A Speech Delivered in March, 1876, when it became necessary for the Senate to introduce a Resolution Appointing a Committee to Investigate Election Practices in Mississippi (Congressional Record, 44th Congress, 1st Session, pp. 2100-5).

His wife, Josephine Bealle Willson Bruce, was born a free woman in the City of Philadelphia, Pa. Her father, Joseph Willson, a man of color who bought his own freedom and his wife's in Georgia, came to Philadelphia; became a dentist; published (1841) probably the first sociological study of Negro population in Philadelphia under the caption, "Sketches of the Higher Classes of Colored Society in Philadelphia"; migrated with his family to Cleveland, Ohio; resided and practiced both literature and dentistry on Perry Street, etc. Mrs. Elizabeth Harnett Willson, the doctor's wife, was a singer and teacher of vocal music. Their second daughter, Josephine, as white as a lily, was in American parlance the first teacher of color in the public schools of Cleveland.

Miss Willson and Senator Bruce were married in Cleveland, Ohio, in June, 1878.

The one and only child of Senator and Mrs. Bruce, Roscoe Conkling Bruce, was born in Washington, D. C., April 21, 1879, Senator Roscoe Conkling of New York presenting the infant with a gold cup.

R. C. Bruce is a graduate not of the Sorbonne but (A. B. *magna cum laude*) from Harvard University in the class of 1902.

In accordance with Mr. Caleb Johnson's request, the Editors of the OUTLOOK extend to Mr. Roscoe Conkling Bruce Mr. Johnson's apologies.]

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Next Week

Roosevelt: A Biography
By Henry F. Pringle

Roosevelt's return to the East in 1886 was followed by his re-entry into politics. As the Republican nominee for Mayor of New York, he ran against Henry George, independent, and Abram S. Hewitt, Democrat, and was defeated by both. Shortly after the election he went to London and married Edith Kermit Carow, his friend since childhood.

When Is a Divorce?
By Frank Clay Cross

A storm is brewing in the divorce trade. Divorces obtained in one state by non-residents are not always recognized as valid by the state in which the divorcees actually live. A genuine movement to question "easy divorce" will cause many men and women to be considered bigamists and many children illegitimate.

Scourge of the Tiger
A Portrait of Samuel Seabury
By John S. Gregory

The nemesis of Tammany Hall, he has been called. Mr. Seabury has conducted the investigation into municipal corruption in New York City with dignity and with a thoroughness which may be disastrous to the Tammany machine.

THE OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT, September 23, 1931. Volume 159. Number 4. Published weekly by The Outlook Company at 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y. Ed.-Pub. Pres. Francis Rufus Bellamy; Vice-Pres. Marshall Kernochan, Harrison B. Freeman; Treas. Rodman Gilder; Sec'y William T. Adee. Subscription price $5.00 a year. Single copies 15 cents each. Foreign subscription to countries in the Postal Union $6.56. Entered as second-class matter July 21, 1893, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., and July 20, 1928, at the Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Science in Politics

To the Editor: *Detroit*

SIR—Too often, when great scientists are led to discuss topics foreign to their specialty, they simply succeed in making themselves ridiculous.

When the distinguished scientist, Prof. Millikan, enters the field of political controversy and pens a rebuke of the OUTLOOK for calling attention to some of President Hoover's sins of omission and commission, and when the professor goes so far as to make the preposterous assertion that Mr. Hoover has adopted the scientific method of approach to all problems, evidently he forgets how completely his stuffed idol ignored and overrode the advice and solemn warning of America's leading economists and tariff experts—with results calamitous to almost everybody except certain wealthy groups of government-pampered manufacturers.

ALFRED MARTIN COLWICK.

The President's Relief Policy

To the Editor: *St. Martinsville, Fla.*

SIR—Portraying the Hoover Relief Policy as you have done it in your September 2 issue is about the best thing that I have read in the OUTLOOK up to now. Why should his new committee for relief of unemployment be more successful than the old committee? About the only thing that they will be successful in doing is to occasion Mellon to borrow more millions at three and one-half per cent when he could borrow it at one and one-half per cent. That's what you call giving the big fellow a break. Why don't they give relief where relief is needed? He wants to spend a lot of money to increase employment on public works, but he wants to economize to keep down expenses so that he does not have to raise the income tax on the only class of people who can pay these taxes and support the cost of government.

The coming of the 1932 election drives Hoover frantic. He will soon see that the making of the words, "committee," and, "board," more popular in the English language was not the thing to save him. The whole system is wrong, and I believe that there are enough fair-minded voters in these United States to occasion a change in 1932.

HOWARD J. DURAND.

Brief Criticism

To the Editor: *Boston*

SIR—Your rotten rum-soaked paper is a disgrace. I know two families who have thrown it out. There will be many more. I will drive every nail in your rum coffin that I can.

F. H. EARL.

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"WHOA!"

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OUTLOOK
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▸▸ Trend of the Week ◂◂

▸▸*Taxes in Principle*

HAVING incurred a $900,000,000 deficit for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1931, the Hoover Administration sees equally embarrassing deficits looming for the fiscal years 1931-32 and 1932-33. Senator Reed of Pennsylvania warns that they will amount to a billion dollars each. Yet, despite this prospect that we may be $3,000,000,000 behind on June 30, 1933, another stalwart Administration man, Senator Hatfield of West Virginia, emerges from a White House conference opposing tax increases and proclaiming: "I believe in getting along and letting the situation adjust itself." Unfortunately, it won't.

"We can get along by the issue of short-term loans which can be retired when the country returns to a prosperous condition," says Sunny Jim Watson of Indiana, Republican leader in the Senate. But can we? In the fiscal years 1928-29 and 1929-30 government revenues—based, mind you, on the incomes of the abnormally prosperous calendar years 1927, 1928 and 1929—provided surpluses averaging less than $200,000,000 each. Even if such prosperity and such surpluses were to return, it would take twenty uninterrupted years of them to wipe out principal and interest of a $3,000,000,000 deficit. At four per cent, the interest charge on a $3,000,000,000 debt would be $120,000,000 a year.

It is apparent that federal taxes must be increased. Sound economics dictates that they be increased at once. One may think what he likes of revising the income tax, as proposed by Representative Bacharach of New Jersey, or of levying a sales tax, as proposed by Senator Reed. But some sort of federal pay-as-you-go policy is obviously preferable to borrowings which mortgage the future to pay the running expenses of the present.

▸▸*Taxes in Practice*

SINCE our ordinary running expenses are running us into the red, from an economic viewpoint the question is not whether, but how, federal taxes shall be increased. Yet from a political viewpoint the "whether" is highly important. The Hoover huskies who argue that taxes need not be increased can't really mean what they say; they must know that increases must be made sooner or later. However, they apparently hope that the inevitable can be postponed until after the elections of November, 1932.

Their point—and it's plausible enough—is that the Republican party is bound to suffer if it solicits the votes of an electorate whose taxes it has just jacked skyward. Let imposts on the higher incomes be raised, they reason, and campaign contributions will be hard to come by next year. Let those on the lower incomes be raised and the people will express their resentment at the polls. They admit that the party will be handicapped if it enters the campaign with two billion-dollar deficits in the record of its national administration, but they believe that it will be worse handicapped if it enters the campaign after adding to the citizen's tax burden. It will not be surprising, therefore, if taxes are kept where they are until that session of Congress which meets a month after the presidential election. But any one who lets the delay raise his hopes of escape will be living in a fool's paradise. Either this winter or next winter, federal taxes are certainly going to be raised and raised good and high.

▸▸*Remember?*

How, on September 22, 1930, Robert P. Lamont, Secretary of Commerce, said that "it is perfectly clear that business on the whole has ceased the marked decline which was characteristic of a number of earlier months and there are some distinctly encouraging features."

And on March 18, 1931, Julius Klein, Assistant Secretary of Commerce, declared: "The available statistical record for February shows that business in that month underwent a normal season improvement from the low levels of January. This is pretty good evidence that the long decline has at last been halted and that an appreciable degree of recovery is in sight."

And on March 7, 1930, Herbert Hoover, former Secretary of Commerce, announced that "all evidences indicate that the worst effect of the crash upon unemployment will have been passed during the next sixty days."

Remember?

(To be continued)

▸▸*Smith and* 1932

CLINTON W. GILBERT's Smith scoop turned out to be very short-lived. In a copyrighted news story published on September 9 Mr. Gilbert, well-known Washington correspondent, declared: "Former-Governor Alfred E. Smith is not a candidate for the Democratic nomination for President, and will not allow his name to go before the next Demo-

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cratic National Convention. This is learned from persons so close to Mr. Smith as to admit no doubt that he has

THE MAHATMA
Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi, leader of India's Nationalists

reached a definite decision with regard to 1932." The story created a considerable flurry until, on September 10, Mr. Smith quashed it by saying: "Nobody has any authority to speak for me. I did not give out any statement and I have nothing to say at this time about events which are still a year away."

So the situation is as it was before Mr. Gilbert's story was published. Mr. Smith is simply not saying whom he supports for the Democratic nomination or whether he is a candidate for that nomination himself. There are some who see reason in this to believe that Mr. Smith still hopes to be renominated next year, but that is scarcely credible. No doubt he would take the nomination if it came his way—as who would not?—but he must know that the chance of its coming his way is very slim indeed. The best guess probably would be to attribute Mr. Smith's silence to his hope of securing a clean-cut wet plank in the Democratic platform, despite the evident desire of dry Democrats to have the platform execute another straddle.

If Smith refuses to declare himself out of the running, a number of delegates will go to the convention either pledged to him or highly sympathetic toward him. Most of these delegates will vote for a wet plank and stand ready at his command to vote for any candidate who advocates a wet plank. Again, there is the question of Smith's personal support in the presidential campaign, which is worth a great deal to any candidate. By refusing to come out for any candidate before convention time, Smith remains free to promise his personal support in the campaign to that candidate who works hardest to have the party platform take a definite stand against Volsteadism. In short, his aim appears to be to preserve his bargaining power so as to make the Democratic platform as well as the Democratic candidate unequivocally wet—a highly commendable objective.

▸▸*Gandhi in London*

It is probable that for every American who is interested in India's problems a thousand are interested in her principal spokesman at the round-table conference in London, and that for every American who wonders whether Gandhi will reach an agreement with the British government on *Purna Swaraj* a thousand wonder whether he will wear his loin-cloth when he visits King George. The reason for this is obvious. India's problems are intricate and perplexing; they cannot be understood at a glance. The personality of Mahatma Gandhi, showman-saint, Bryan and Francis of Assisi in one person, is colorful, arresting and, externally at any rate, as easy to grasp as a hoe-handle.

First and last, Gandhi is a very good story. It is interesting to learn that he devotes one day in seven to uninterrupted silence and that his six working days run off in this fashion: prayers at four o'clock in the morning, work until nine, when he bathes and breakfasts on goat's milk and fruit, more work, an hour's nap at noon, spinning thereafter until five, when he dines on more goat's milk and fruit, a walk, prayers at seven and quiet until nine or ten, when he retires. And then there is always the striking incongruity of his scanty homespun dress, particularly when worn at state occasions in London. But how many persons whose interest is caught by Gandhi's garb realize that it means a good deal more to him than, say, a shoestring necktie to a Senator from the South? To Gandhi his clothes are a symbol of his poverty, of the poverty of the millions of people he represents and of his willingness to sacrifice everything to gain self-government for India.

For Gandhi is more than an ascetic. He is a politician and statesman of the first rank. Of this there is ample evidence, for example, his knack at overcoming opposition among the Indian Nationalists and at securing a large share, if by no means all, of his demands from the British government. Before long Gandhi's work at the round-table conference may displace his personal characteristics in public attention. It is likely to be work of a high order. Gandhi's present aim is complete autonomy for India, and while he will not and knows he will not reach that far-distant objective, it is possible that he will carry away from London rather more than the British had meant to yield.

▸▸*Advice to the Legion*

Whatever may come of the American Legion's unemployment conference, it has certainly supplied the veterans with a do and a don't. The proper action for the veterans was never clearer than at the close of addresses by Major-General James G. Harbord, president of the Radio Corporation of America, and by M. J. McDonough of the American Federation of Labor. Nor was the advice ever more needed, since the Legion conference in Washington, followed by the Legion convention at Detroit, found greedy elements among the veterans seriously considering a plan to force the government to cash their bonus certificates in full, at a cost of $2,400,000,000.

General Harbord's advice to the Legion was clean-cut and forceful. Unless you wish to appear ridiculous, he said, don't go to Detroit waving a relief plan with one hand and holding out a tin cup with the other. "If you do," he said, "you will be laughed at."

Keystone

FOR SALES TAX
Senator David Reed of Pennsylvania advocates new federal levy

Mr. McDonough showed the Legion how to use its power to the aid rather than injury of the nation. Legalize beer,

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he said, and give almost immediate employment to a million men. Put the full force of the Legion behind that plan, he might have said, and nothing can stop it. The next Congress will be compelled to legalize beer if confronted by the same strength and the same tactics which veterans employed to compel the last Congress to pass a law permitting them to borrow fifty per cent of the maturity value of their bonus certificates. Congress will give the Legion almost anything it demands. Let it demand something for the benefit of the entire country. Let it demand the legalization of brewing.

▸▸*Contrast*

THE CELEBRATION at Dansville, New York, of the founding of the first Red Cross chapter in 1881 emphasized the contrasting theories of relief work held by President Hoover and by Governor Roosevelt. Because these two men are likely to be the opposing candidates for President, it is well to have them on record. Their statements on the subject follow:

MR. ROOSEVELT

We know now that human suffering can arise from causes created, not by the elements or by the failure of our crops, but rather by causes brought into being by a lack of understanding, or worse, in regard to the social and financial economics of a nation or of the family of nations.

If the teachings of Florence Nightingale were right, if the teachings of Clara Barton in the great distress of earthquake and of flood were right, it is equally true that these same teachings, based on the duty of the state, must apply with equal right to the distress and suffering which is stalking in our midst on this anniversary day. To this high aim, following in her footsteps, we Americans must devote our every resource. To this high aim we dedicate ourselves as individual men and women and children. To this high aim we dedicate our functions of government, our towns, our counties, our state and country.

MR. HOOVER

In its lifetime the Red Cross has raised and expended nearly a billion of money in the relief of human distress. The national organization has become our nation's assurance of adequate, prompt and efficient handling of any catastrophe within our borders. It stands as a monument to individual and local initiative. It proves the ability of a democracy to create from the people themselves the agencies for their service.

* * *

Mr. Hoover, if he says anything, speaks for relief through individual and local initiative. Mr. Roosevelt favors not only individual and local relief, but state and national relief as well. We agree with Governor Roosevelt.

▸▸*The Belize Hurricane*

UNITED STATES MARINES patrolling the streets of a British city—that is the novel phase of the tragedy at Belize, capital of British Honduras. Otherwise the disaster was much like other disasters in the Caribbean area—appearing suddenly, this one in the combined form of hurricane and tidal wave, taking a heavy toll of lives, destroying millions of dollars' worth of property. Simultaneously a less severe hurricane was sweeping across Porto Rico while a third was pushing toward the Pacific coast of Mexico. From Belize came the usual hurry calls for medical supplies and food; to it came the usual quick response.

The interest of the United States in this Caribbean catastrophe was also to be expected. Expressions of our interest in Latin-American disasters have been noted time and time again, for instance in the Porto Rican hurricane of 1928 and, but a few months ago, in the earthquake at Managua, Nicaragua. America's concern over the distress at Belize, however, contrasts strikingly with its lack of concern over the far greater distress in China, where floods are creating sufferers by the millions. Why are we so moved by the Caribbean disaster and so unmoved by the Chinese? Certainly not simply because floods are frequent occurrences in China; hurricanes are also frequent occurrences in the Caribbean. And certainly not simply because China is farther away. Is it perhaps because the Latin-Americans are themselves profoundly interested in their disasters, while the Chinese are not? China's chief interest at the moment seems to lie in importing costly munitions with which to carry on another civil war.

▸▸*The Same Old Story*

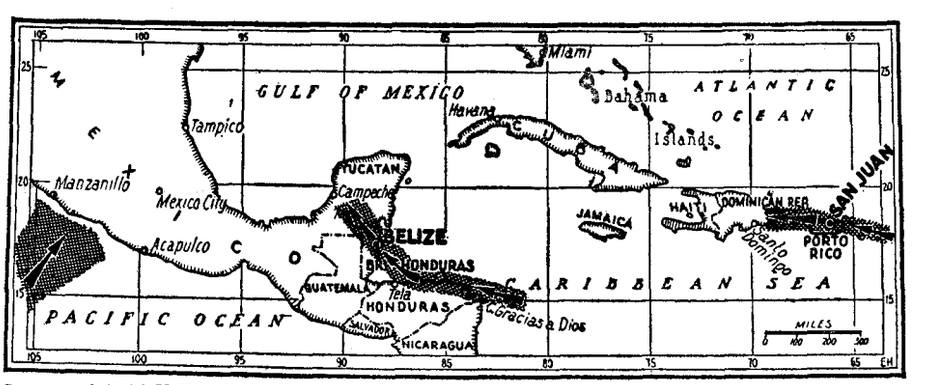
THE prohibition law has been an abject failure. It no longer has the support of public opinion; indeed, most people repudiate it openly. During the twelve years of its existence, the consumption of hard liquor has grown, crime has increased and thousands have been convicted of drunkenness. Contempt for law is common and the younger generation has acquired drinking habits which are threatening the nation's moral and physical future.

No, we are not reiterating our opinions of Volsteadism. We are not discussing Volsteadism at all. As it happens, we are quoting from a statement sent to the government of Finland—now the only other dry country in the world—by the Federation of Finnish Judges. But it is hardly necessary to say that the Finnish judges might well be reporting on conditions in the United States. It is not an accident that prohibition in the United States has worked, or rather failed to work, in the manner with which we are all familiar. Evidently it works that way wherever it is applied.

▸▸*Expunging "Conductor"*

THE word "conductor," used to designate the leader of an orchestra, causes Mr. Ossip Gabrilowitsch, of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, acute unease. It is ridiculous, he says. It "immediately suggests a street car conductor and gives occasion to all sorts of cheap jokes." He has called on Mr. Leopold Stokowski, of the Philadelphia Orchestra, to join him in expunging the hated word from the public vocabulary and to substitute the nobler term, "musical director." Few concertgoers, we imagine, had thought much about street cars in relation to orchestra conductors or heard any of the cheap jokes in question. Nevertheless, Mr. Stokowski is said to have endorsed the Gabrilowitsch crusade and the word is as good as banished already.

One grows accustomed to seeing these two conductors—our mistake, musical directors—taking themselves over-seriously. Mr. Stokowski's theatricalisms are well known. It will also be recalled that on one occasion Mr. Gabrilowitsch, directing Bach's St. Matthew Passion in New York, required his audience to wear dark clothes and opened with a speech evoking the proper religious atmosphere. Their audiences pay little attention so long as the Philadelphia and Detroit orchestras continue to give consistently fine performances. This present vagary, moreover, is rather refreshing. These are troublesome times, and, what with one thing and another, even concertgoers have a lot on their minds. It may



Courtesy of the N. Y. Times

BOUND FOR THE GULF

Paths of the three hurricanes reported on September 11 in the Caribbean region

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comfort them to know that there are still two persons with nothing more serious to upset them than the question

Keystone

"MUSICAL DIRECTOR"
Ossip Gabrilowitsch, of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra

whether they are to be referred to as conductors or musical directors.

➤➤*Putsch That Failed*

WHEN THE REVOLT of the Fascists in Austria was crushed the day it began, it took on a comic tinge which may be misleading. The putsch was the work of the Heimwehr, the Fascist military organization which hopes to establish a dictatorship in Austria as the Hitlerites hope to establish one in Germany. Last October the Heimwehr planned a march on Vienna but the scheme was discovered and dropped, though threats and rumors of another continued. They came to a head on the thirteenth of this month when the Heimwehr leader, Dr. Walter Pfriemer, proclaimed himself dictator of Austria in the morning only to declare his uprising ended that night.

The Heimwehr plans, better laid than those of 1930, were to establish posts in all parts of Austria, to impose martial law and to relieve all troops, police and gendarmes of their oath to the Austrian government. In the provinces of Upper Austria and Styria the putsch went well; elsewhere it went miserably. In the two central provinces the Heimwehr occupied towns and strategic points, seized public buildings and imprisoned local officials. These gains proved empty, however, when the rebels in the five other provinces were intimidated into impotence. Loyal troops were thus enabled to march upon the successful Heimwehr units, which thereupon disbanded.

Comic element and all, this incident recalls Adolf Hitler's disastrous putsch in Bavaria in 1923. The clown of that comic opera affair, Hitler seven years later had made himself the greatly feared leader of Germany's strongest party. It is not impossible that Pfriemer or some other Fascist will do the same in Austria. The latest effort of the Austrian Fascist has failed but the conditions which give rise to Fascism are unchanged. In Germany the Hitlerites have utilized the discontent of a depression-ridden public to advance their party's ambitions. There is similarly acute distress in Austria—the country was seeking another loan at Geneva at the moment of the uprising—which may also be utilized. It is far from certain, therefore, that the Fascist putsch of September 13 is the last Austria is to experience.

➤➤*Borah's Candidacy*

WHATEVER TRUTH there may be in the reports that Senator Borah will go through the motions of a campaign for President, we feel sure that he has no hope of being elected. As clearly as any one else, Senator Borah realizes that Mr. Hoover has the Republican nomination in his pocket and that, even if he hadn't, it would never go to a Progressive. Since he could not be nominated as a Republican, if the Senator wished to make a serious presidential campaign he would have to do so as an independent third candidate. As such, he would have no chance whatever of winning. At most he could merely deflect enough Republican votes from Mr. Hoover to secure the election of the probably wet Democratic candidate, which he would hardly be eager to do.

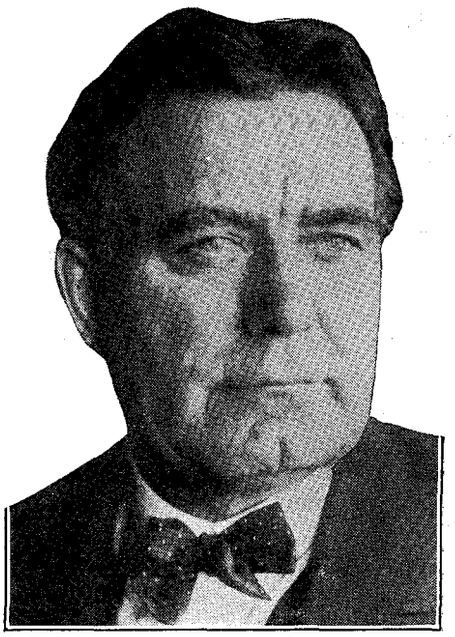
Possibly Mr. Borah will oppose Mr. Hoover in the forthcoming Republican primaries, as some say. But if he does it will be simply because he seeks to influence the Republican platform planks on farm relief and other matters of moment to himself and his fellow Progressives. It is quite possible that, rallying behind Senator Borah's candidacy, the Progressives could attend the Republican convention with a compact, manoeuvrable group of delegates strong enough to give the plank on farm relief whatever slant they wished. It would be bad politics for the regular Republicans to alienate these delegates and their rural constituents when the farmer's grievances are so acute and his vote so necessary to Republican success.

With much of the East flirting with the thought of a wet Democrat, Republican hopes next year will largely depend on the dry farmers of the West. It is precisely this class which would be attracted by the candidacy of Senator Borah or any other dry Progressive who might decide to run for President as a third candidate, even though he contributed toward the election of a wet Democrat in so doing. The risk that any Progressive would run as an independent in such circumstance might not be great, but it would be great enough to make the regular Republicans conciliatory. Especially since there would also be the risk that, even if the Progressives supported the regular Republican ticket, they would support it sullenly, without attempting to get out the full strength of the farmers on election day.

If they have the nerve, the Progressives can make themselves felt at the next Republican convention. It would be droll if they forced Mr. Hoover to run on a platform which gave him a shooting pain in the neck.

➤➤*Mexico Joins Up*

MEXICO'S recent sideswipe at the Monroe Doctrine gave rise to many headlines but to few headaches in the United States. Joining the League of Nations, whose covenant asserts that nothing therein affects the validity of the Monroe Doctrine, Mexico declared that it has



Keystone

CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT?
Senator William E. Borah, who, rumor says, will oppose Hoover in Republican primaries

never recognized this doctrine. Realistically considered, that makes no difference whatever. Mexican statesmen have said

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substantially the same thing before, but their statements have never altered the doctrine or its application. The doctrine does not prescribe any course of action for Mexico or any other Latin-American country, but does forbid non-American powers from extending their territories and political systems in this hemisphere. Issued on the authority of the United States and enforced by the United States alone, it does not necessitate recognition or approval by any Latin-American power.

The most noteworthy feature of Mexico's decision to join the League is the fact that it reduces the number of non-member nations from ten to nine. Among the nine is, of course, the United States, which still prefers to stay out of the League and string along with such powers as Afghanistan, Turkey, Ecuador, Brazil, Costa Rica, Soviet Russia, Egypt and the Kingdom of the Hejaz and of Nejd.

▶▶*As Mr. Strawn Sees It*

IN HIS recent nation-wide address—topic, "More Faith; Fewer Nostrums"—Silas H. Strawn, president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, took occasion to repeat the old saw that "the business men of this country are more capable of dealing with existing conditions intelligently, wisely and courageously than are the politicians who exercise governmental functions." And perhaps they are, though surely that is not saying much.

At any rate, American business leadership is still the glory of the earth as far as the optimistic Mr. Strawn is concerned. The recent loss of public confidence in it probably strikes him as incomprehensible and ridiculous.

If he wishes to understand the phenomenon, he might well reread his own radio address of September 9. Here we are, stuck in the slough of a business depression, and here is the president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, who, if any business man can, should be able to give us valuable advice on how to get out of it and meanwhile how to make ourselves more comfortable. Yet, as it turns out, Mr. Strawn can tell us very little.

He says that we should "quit talking about our troubles and regard the present as an opportunity to demonstrate our capacity for accomplishment," which is poor advice for the man out of a job. He says that recovery "can only be brought about by coöperating individual effort and not by governmental action," ignoring what the federal government could do by rewriting the Sherman act, lowering the tariff, revising war debts and so on. He hints that there should be a general reduction in wages, a course well calculated to keep us in the slough indefinitely. He declares that we must "gear down the productive machinery so that it will synchronize with the consumptive capacity," though that's just what we've been doing and that's just what hurts. He says that local communities should take care of their own unemployed, but that "we must not, by the exercise of our usual liberality, encourage vast numbers of those unemployed in the belief that we are about to establish a system of doles, private or governmental." Here he grows obscure. Surely he can't mean what he seems to mean—i. e., that local communities should establish their customary dole systems and then keep them a secret from the needy.

A pretty feeble little speech, take it for all in all. If the president of the United States Chamber of Commerce has nothing more vital to contribute than this, no wonder the intelligence, wisdom and courage of our business leadership fail to impress the country as they still impress Mr. Strawn.

▶▶*Burdens for Britons*

WHENEVER American taxes are raised, whatever form the increases may take, Americans can be assured of this: their taxes will compare with Britain's as molehills compare with mountains. For most Americans the contrast between American and British taxes is the most striking feature of Britain's new budget, presented to the House of Commons on September 10 by Philip Snowden, Chancellor of the Exchequer in the new coalition government headed by Ramsay MacDonald.

Take the cases of three men—an unmarried clerk with a salary of $1,800 a year, a married but childless professor with a salary of $4,000 and a business man with two children and a salary of $5,000. In the United States, the clerk would pay a federal income tax of $3.37, the professor one of $5.62 and the business man one of $7.87. In England, the

Remarkable Remarks

Conditions governing the Remarkable Remarks contest will be found on page 128

If all the folks in the United States would do the few simple things they know they ought to do, most of our big problems would take care of themselves.—CALVIN COOLIDGE.

M. M. Collins, 302 West First St., Royal Oak, Michigan, $5 prize.

To buy today is a patriotic duty, not unlike that of the days when we bought Liberty bonds and won a war.—ALVAN MACAULEY.

Mrs. H. L. Love, 256 East 1st North St., Provo, Utah, $2 prize.

I believe that we shall wake up some bright Thursday morning and find that the depression has quietly come to an end and business is pretty good again.—LORING A. SHULER.

Miss Marjorie C. O'Shaughnessy, 2542 Creston Ave., New York, N. Y., $2 prize.

The problem of life will turn from that of the struggle for existence to the question of how to spend the additional leisure which we shall have.—ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE NAVY ERNEST LEE JAHNCKE.

C. M. Litteljohn, 2523 Juneau St., Seattle, Washington, $2 prize.

I don't like to read books; they muss up my mind.—HENRY FORD.

Miss Beatrice Dodge, 1301 Massachusetts Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C., $2 prize.

Pacifists, hell, I'm a pacifist, but I always have a club behind my back.—MAJOR GENERAL SMEDLEY D. BUTLER.

Miss Billie Reed, Arkansas State College, Pine Bluff, Arkansas, $2 prize.

I believe it is possible for a man by nature to care for more than one woman at the same time.—RUDY VALLEE.

Mrs. Olive M. Hagar, 5540 Pershing Ave., St. Louis, Mo., $2 prize.

It must be wonderful! It must be a sweet and satisfying sensation to remarry your ex-husband.—HELEN ROWLAND.

John P. Egan, 615 Fifth Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., $2 prize.

I believe in equality for every one except reporters and photographers.—MAHATMA GANDHI.

John P. Egan, 615 Fifth Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., $2 prize.

When man begins to think, all is lost.—DR. WILL DURANT.

Mrs. B. M. Ross, 417 Pine Bluff St., Malvern, Arkansas, $2 prize.

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clerk's income tax would be $325, the professor's $812.50 and the merchant's $950. The average American, of course, also pays a state income tax, but at most his tax burden is incomparably lighter than the average Englishman's.

The ten per cent increase in taxes is not the only means Chancellor Snowden is employing to avoid a $373,000,000 deficit for the fiscal year ending March 31, 1932, and an even greater deficit the following year. He is also slashing government expenditures, notably those for civil service salaries and the relief of unemployment. So doing, he and Premier MacDonald have apparently written finis on their careers in the Labor party. Labor's position is that salaries and doles must be maintained and that, if the budget is to be balanced, it should be done without assistance from the poor. Mac-

BROUGHT THE BAD NEWS

Chancellor Philip Snowden, who presented drastic new British budget

Donald, Snowden and their Conservative and Liberal allies hold that the cost must be spread over all classes, rich and poor alike. For the time being, at any rate, the coalition government has had its way. The dole has been cut, the budget balanced and the international bankers satisfied. But Britain will hold general elections before long and they may result in a victory for Labor. If they do, doles and salaries are likely to be restored, even at the expense of still further increases in direct or indirect taxes.

Truly, Englishmen must smile when they hear an American business man say, as President Strawn of the Chamber of Commerce recently said, that taxes in the United States are "almost unbearable." If they are "almost unbearable" here, what in the world are they in England?

▸▸*Arkansas Church War*

Let us therefore follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another. Nineteen hundred years after that advice was delivered a revivalist, one Joe Jeffers, came to Jonesboro, in the northeastern corner of Arkansas. There, in his tent, he made charges of misconduct against Dr. Dow Heard, pastor of Jonesboro's First Baptist Church, receiving the support of twenty-one members of the Heard congregation, who were promptly dismissed from their church. Thereupon began an effort to get the church to reconsider charges against the twenty-one lost sheep.

When this effort failed, when the charges against Heard himself were stoutly denied by the Heard faction and as stoutly renewed at the church by the Jeffers following, the holy place became a place of disorder. Someone hit somebody, somebody hit someone back and so on until the police arrived and made a number of arrests. The next day found the Jeffers faction, five hundred strong, storming the City Hall lawn to hold a prayer meeting in behalf of their incarcerated brethren. When Mayor Bosler forbade their song service but allowed Jeffers a moment of prayer, the evangelist, according to the police, launched into a specific supplication that a bolt of lightning strike the Mayor dead. Disliking this, the Mayor interrupted Jeffers' prayers and ordered him to lead his flock away. In the twinkling of an eye both the Mayor and the Chief of Police were attacked and pitched to the ground. The day seemed lost for law and order until a patrolman raised the butt of his revolver. The results were a request to the governor for martial law, a shipment of tear gas bombs, and a call for a National Guard unit which, with fixed bayonets, patrolled the streets of Jonesboro for four days. Nineteen hundred years is a long time—apparently

Keystone

ROUSING REVIVALIST

The Rev. Joe Jeffers, leader of one of Jonesboro's embattled church factions

too long a time to remember the admonition that follows: *But I say unto you, love your enemies and pray for them that persecute you.*

▸▸*In Brief*

FORMER COMMANDER SAVAGE of the American Legion warns everybody to stop "goading" ex-service men into fighting for new bonus legislation. And we'd better stop goading flies to attack molasses jugs, too . . . . Maybe some one goaded the New Orleans convention of the Spanish War Veterans. At any rate, it came out strongly for more pensions for Spanish War Veterans . . . . It is unfair to dismiss Representative Franklin Fort of New Jersey as the archetypical Happiness Boy. To be sure, Mr. Fort praises the Farm Board, the Hoover Administration and the Hawley-Smoot tariff law, but he hasn't a word to say for head colds . . . . New York City experienced a severe thunderstorm the other day and, needless to say, one of the bolts of lightning struck the DO-X . . . . The national Administration informs us that the relief load to be carried this winter can easily be exaggerated. But won't be by the national Administration . . . . A dispatch from Geneva declares that that postcard on which a Swiss citizen has just written 18,000 words is regarded as a work of art. By whom?

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What Price Arms Reduction?

LET US BE CLEAR about the latest grandiose project for the reduction of land, sea and air armaments. Let us not entertain high hopes for it, for if we do we may be disappointed. Let us realize that the entire idea of obtaining arms reduction at a world conference to be held in Geneva next February is now heading straight toward farcical failure. Only by realizing this now can we prevent the project from going on the rocks. The cause of the impending failure lies in a head-on collision between two definite systems of thought. The first system, which carries conviction to the unprejudiced, is advocated by France. It holds that arms reduction will be possible only when the nations—notably France herself—feel more secure; that security must come foremost, arms reduction next. The other system, whose weakness is obvious, is advocated by Britain, Italy and, most stubbornly, by the United States. It holds that arms reduction in itself produces security and that the political agreements which the French demand for security are therefore unnecessary. The French system is based on the fundamental conception of preserving the *status quo*. The other system is not.

NOW, IT IS NOT ONLY USELESS but absurd to rant against France for maintaining her position. She has no more intention of abandoning it than we ourselves would have in similar circumstances. If the United States, occupying the opposing position, wishes France to reduce her armaments—and the success or failure of the whole world-wide project depends directly on her willingness to do so—we must be prepared to make certain concessions to her in return for the concessions she makes to us. We must be prepared to enter into political agreements which will increase the French sense of security, agreements which take the form of preventing aggression and enforcing peace. France would doubtless scrap some of her armaments if the United States would agree in advance to consult with other nations whenever the Kellogg war-renouncing pact is violated; she would scrap more if the United States would promise in advance to boycott any violator of this pact; she would scrap far more if the United States and other countries would agree, as they surely will not agree, to place their armed forces at the disposal of the League of Nations so as to put down all wars of aggression. How far we are willing to go in making concessions to France, just what political agreements we are willing to make for just how much arms reduction, is a question for our government. Hitherto we have refused to go a step; we have been unwilling to make any agreement whatever. If we hold to that attitude the reduction project about which we have been hearing and reading so much is slated for disaster.

AT A MEETING of the League of Nations Assembly in Geneva, early this month, Foreign Minister Grandi of Italy suggested that the nations declare a holiday on the construction of armaments from now until the end of the world conference which opens on February 2. At the time of this writing France had not ever even bothered to reply to this proposal, to say nothing of accepting it. It was not an arms holiday that Foreign Minister Briand of France stressed in his speech at Geneva a few days later but the thought that the nations can, if they wish, secure arms reductions by deciding to "establish contacts and create among themselves reciprocal conditions of security that will make war impossible." Security internationally guaranteed—that was the French theme, and that will still be the French theme when the conference meets next February.

A DAY AFTER Foreign Minister Briand's speech, Chairman Borah of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee went galloping into the headlines with a proposal that the nations declare a holiday on naval construction for five years. Coming from Senator Borah, arch-opponent of all international political agreements which might lead to the reduction of armaments, any proposal for arms reduction or arms limitation is a sour and sickly joke. Senator Borah perfectly typifies the American position that the rest of the world should give us what we want while we give nothing in return. It should be noted, moreover, that at best the suggested Borah holiday, like the suggested Grandi holiday, is simply a stop-gap. Neither will answer the pressing question of how the French system of thought on arms reduction and the Italo-British-American system are to be reconciled. Both would simply postpone the search for an answer. Both would tackle the problem by putting it off.

SO LONG AS THIS GOVERNMENT lets the Borahs determine its foreign policy, so long as it continues to evade or ignore the necessity of giving something if we expect to get something, just so long will dissertations on arms reduction be so many tales full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. The serious-minded men and women of this country, who as conditions stand are placing their trust in the February arms conference at Geneva, are deceiving themselves. We must compromise with France or that conference will collapse.

NOT THAT WE NEED go over entirely to the French position and agree to coöperate in giving France all the security she desires. No nation ever has had, and possibly none ever will have, the maximum security which France conceives of as her right. But be it noted that France is not using the plea of security simply as an excuse to avoid any reductions in armaments whatever. As Briand pointed out, she is not using "security" as one of those words "which so often have been raised as obstacles to certain experiments that those who use them appear to do so not to act but to keep from acting." She is serious and she is sincere when she says that security must come first and arms reduction second. If we are equally serious, equally sincere, we must do one of two things. We must either stop talking about arms reduction and abandon it as impracticable, or we must determine how much it is worth to us and then prepare to pay that price in terms of international coöperation. THE EDITORS.

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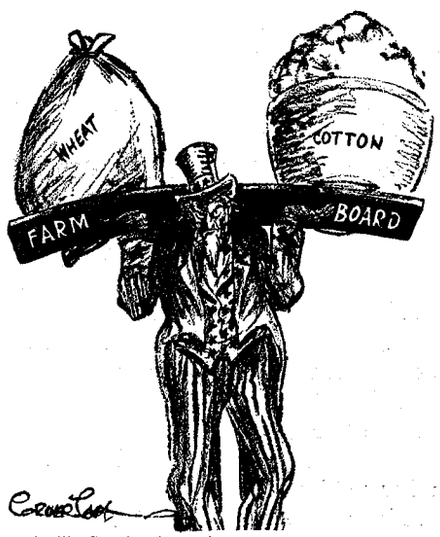
Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE DO not wonder that the Washington correspondents have at last organized a definite movement in protest against the "wall of silence, deceit and evasion" which according to *Editor and Publisher*, the present Administration has erected about its handling of public questions. We doubt very much whether any lasting benefits will result from this effort to set up a sort of Supreme Court to pass on difficulties which arise between officials and correspondents, but we regard it as a healthy movement. Nor, so far as we can discover, is it animated solely by selfishness on the part of the press men, although some may be inspired by this motive. The leaders, however—and this is true of all the worth-while correspondents—regard themselves, rightfully, I think, as agents of the public. Although they may suffer from a deliberate program of withholding, suppressing and coloring official acts, the public suffers much more. It is, recent events have disclosed, when the press cannot get at the facts that dishonesty, as in the Harding Administration, and bungling, as in the Hoover Administration, flourishes.

IT IS, I may suggest, the great increase in official silence and hypocrisy which justifies, in fact necessitates, such columns as this, such anonymous books as the two which are now grieving the Administration and such plain speaking as the Scripps-Howard newspapers, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* and the Baltimore *Sun* indulge in upon occasion. If the people are to know what the government is doing and planning, to support worthy movements and oppose bad or stupid ones, they must first have the facts. For fifteen years or more there has been a definite and fairly successful effort on the part of public officials to conceal the facts. President Hoover is by no means the first to inaugurate this system, although it has been perfected under him. It was started by Woodrow Wilson, continued by Harding, extended by Coolidge and, as I say, perfected under Mr. Hoover. If the complaints have become more bitter of late, it is, perhaps, because the correspondents had been led to expect something quite different by the President, who, so his enemies say, "was made by the publicity his newspaper friends gave him."

I do know that Mr. Hoover, while a member of the Wilson, Harding and Coolidge families, was the unfailing source of news for a small group of correspondents. Whenever an important question had been discussed at Cabinet meeting of a Tuesday morning or Friday afternoon, half a dozen prominent correspondents trailed Mr. Hoover to his office or to the front porch of his house on S Street, and they rarely came away empty-handed. It is the remembrance of his former willingness to tell on other Presidents and Administrations that gives



Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE PEDDLER

piquancy, if nothing else, to his present attitude of censorship and criticism of the press.

Mr. Hoover, we learn, is at his wits' end with respect to the treatment which the press, Republican and Democratic and independent, accords him. He writhes under the suspicion that they are definitely down on him and determined to undo him. No matter how fine his plans and pronouncements, he moans, they are dealt with unfairly and ungenerously, and his underlying program for hastening the millennium, as he views it, does not get across. Even though he invites influential editors to the White House and to the Rapidan, he recently complained, he makes no headway with them or their editorial pages. It may be that Mr. Hoover has just and righteous grounds for such complaint; we simply offer these observations as indicative of the distress felt by him and by the correspondents.

Where the blame lies, we do not pretend to say, although we think it rests upon the Administration. Certain it is that no previous group of officials in peace-time ever held so many secrets in their bosoms. Oddly, the departments closest to the White House have been the most secretive and sensitive in their relations with the press—the State Department, the Treasury, the Department of Justice and the Farm Board.

From the State Department, for instance, comes one of the most remarkable statements anent American interference in foreign affairs in many years, yet it must be written and publicized without a word as to its source. If, as a result, the public comes to the conclusion that Secretary Stimson's rollicking dash through Europe, his grouse-hunting with Ramsay MacDonald, his motorboating with Benito Mussolini, his bestowal of a gift upon Dr. Curtius's grandchild, has really induced Europe to forget its historic feuds—well, so much the better for the Administration, but so much the worse for the public and the cause of international peace.

FROM the Treasury there issues a statement denouncing the Farm Board's program of voluntary or involuntary reduction of crop acreage, and a definite indication that Messrs. Hoover and Mellon are disgusted with the outcome of this "experiment noble in motive." It was, from the economic and political viewpoint, one of the most important pronouncements on a great domestic problem since Mr. Hoover took office. But it must not be attributed to any one even remotely connected with the Administration lest, although it appease Big Business, it offend Republican voters in the farming regions. It is to the great credit of the Associated Press, in our opinion, that, as we hear, it refused to send this inspired but anonymous story along its wires.

The Farm Board and the Department of Justice are tombs, Chairman Stone refusing to divulge details of his financial and commodity operations even though such things are, or should be, matters of public record, and Attorney General Mitchell shunning all suggestions that he enunciate his policy on prohibition, the anti-trust laws or gangsters. We think it delightful, though ironic, that to all queries Mr. Mitchell and his associates reply: "See Dodge."

Arthur Dodge is the paid publicity man of the department, and, having a lively sense of humor, he smilingly admits, when questioned, that his name is "Dodge."

A. F. C.

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"DE-LIGHTED!"
This was long before the word became a trade mark of T. R., but he must have been delighted to guard the captured river thieves in Dakota—just as he was delighted to be a deputy sheriff in his ranching days. In many of T. R.'s early photographs appears a delightfully stilted air of posing. He was never camera-shy

▸▸ Roosevelt: A Biography ◂◂

II—The Picturesque Gentleman Cowhand

After the tragic death of Alice Lee, Roosevelt hiked to the Bad Lands to forget and there lived a picturesque, sometimes almost turbulent life, with fist fights and rumors of impending duels. But politics kept calling and finally he left the West, as will be told in next week's installment, to resume the political career which led him finally to the Presidency

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By HENRY F. PRINGLE

UNDOUBTEDLY Isaac Hunt was right; Roosevelt "hiked away to the wilderness to get away from the world .... went out there a broken-hearted man." Cattle ranching had been no more than a potentially interesting avocation when, in 1883, he made arrangements to buy a herd. He intended, probably, to make visits once or twice a year, but there is nothing to indicate that he planned to live in the Dakota Bad Lands. Even after the tragedy of February, 1884, and the bitter disappointment of the Chicago convention, Roosevelt went West for only one reason: he had nothing else to do. A neighbor asked whether he intended to make ranching his business.

"No," he answered. "For the present I am out here because I cannot get up any enthusiasm for the Republican candidate, and it seems to me that punching cattle is the best way to avoid campaigning."

He sought peace, and never quite found it, in the jagged prairies of the waste country. He told Bill Sewall, a Maine guide whom he had known for years and whom he attempted to transform into a Western cow hand, that his future was a matter of no concern. He might do a little writing; he made it plain that life stretched on as barren as the dusty prairie. Sewall disagreed. He pointed out that Roosevelt had an infant daughter "to live for."

"Her aunt can take care of her better than I can," was the answer.

There were, however, qualities in Roosevelt which halted introspection soon after it had started. He could surrender momentarily to depression, but it could not prevail against an innate robustness, against his adolescence. Again, I am conscious of the presumption which lies in charting the human mind. Let Roosevelt's contradictions speak for themselves. It must have been in the summer or fall of 1884, in one chapter of a book published the following year, that Roosevelt voiced his true philosophy: "Black Care rarely sits behind a rider whose pace is fast enough." He must have written this within a few months of that other utterance, in the memorial to Alice Lee: "And when my heart's dearest died, the light went from my life forever." In December, 1886, he was married again.

Roosevelt could erect barriers against thoughts, and memories, too, that troubled him. Not primarily an optimistic person, he none the less tinted the past with rose color.

"Ah," remarked James Bryce, one day, when Roosevelt's name had come into a conversation with Owen Wister, "but Roosevelt wouldn't always look at a thing, you know."

IN HUNTING COSTUME, 1884
Obviously a posed photograph

It was wiser not to look at things in late 1884 as he faced a life remote from the one he had known. It was better to soften retrospection with a note of the whimsical, to live for the moment, to purchase the gaudiest of cowboy outfits, to mount his horse and take down his gun.

"My cattle are looking well," he wrote to Lodge, "and in fact the Statesman (?) of

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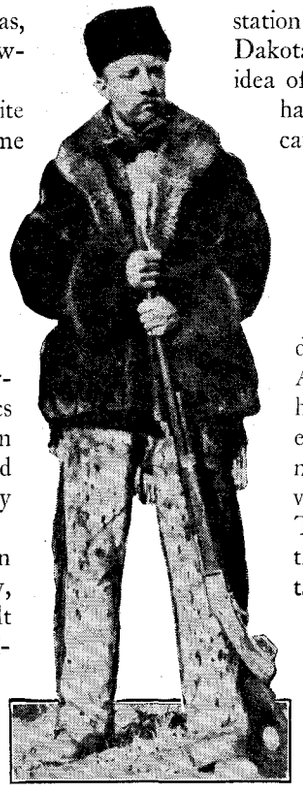
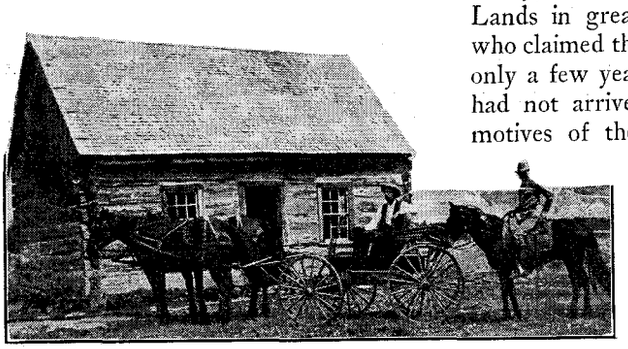
the past has been merged, alas, I fear for good, into the cowboy of the present."

Soon melancholy had quite vanished, and sorrow became as blunted as the sorrow of a child in the face of a new excitement. Yet for all that the West exhilarated him, Roosevelt went quickly back to public life when the opportunity came. The roar and the turmoil and the strife of politics were in his blood—and even the whirl of the roundup and the stalking of a grizzly could not take their place.



IN THE OPEN

Life in the open had been part of the program whereby, as a boy, Roosevelt had built up his health. During a college recess in 1876 he went to the Maine woods with Arthur Cutler, his former tutor, and some cousins. William Wingate Sewall, the Maine woodsman whom he was to take West in 1884, was engaged as guide for the party. He recalled an eighteen-year-old youth who was "not remarkably cautious about expressing his opinion," but who was courageous and plucky. Sewall had been warned that the boy must be protected against overexertion, but the protection was declined. Roosevelt was already finding great satisfaction in physical preeminence. ". . . . I found I could carry heavier loads and travel farther and faster than either of them," he boasted, regarding his cousins, "and could stand rough work better." Sewall was even more impressed by the manner in which the studious-appearing youth "got in right with the people" wherever he went. He established contacts with woodsmen, lumberjacks and trappers.



MALTESE CROSS RANCH HOUSE

Photo by C. R. Greer, Hamilton, O.

Roosevelt first saw the Far West, as we have noted, in September, 1883, when he dropped off the train at the station called Little Missouri in the Dakota territory. He then had no idea of becoming a cattleman. He had gone to Little Missouri because of a letter written by Howard Eaton, who subsequently became famous as a dude rancher. This had declared the country unequalled for buffalo hunting, and Roosevelt's first demand was for a guide. After enduring considerable hardship, and experiencing excitement such as he had never before known, Roosevelt obtained his buffalo head. The important thing about this trip, however, was contact with Joe Ferris, his brother, Sylvane, and the latter's partner, A. W. Merrifield. He also met Gregor Lang, who dwelt on Little Cannonball Creek some fifty miles distant. These four men infected Roosevelt with enthusiasm for the cattle business. Before returning East that fall he had invested $14,000. A year later he added $26,000 and in April, 1885, he wrote a third check, this time for $12,500. He was to lose nearly every cent of this $52,500, but he never regretted the venture. The dividends were paid in intangibles.

"It was still the West in those days," Roosevelt wrote, and it was. Until recently, buffalo had roamed the Bad Lands in great numbers. The Indians who claimed the territory had capitulated only a few years before. The cattlemen had not arrived until 1882; the locomotives of the Northern Pacific were still a novelty to those who lived along the right of way. But by 1884 a boom was in progress. This was the land of plenty, enthusiasts said. This was the land where, somewhat mysteriously since there seemed to be no grass, cattle would grow fat. The region was served by a great transcontinental railway which would ship cattle to such markets as Kansas City and Chicago at rates with which Texas and the rest of the Southwest could not compete. So men dreamed, as they consumed their liquor in the saloons that were the outposts of American civilization.

Little Missouri, which called itself a town, had a hotel, the Pyramid Park, near the railroad tracks. It had a disorderly house, another outpost of American civilization. As in every frontier community, there was a ramshackle general store, in this case run by a Swede who supplied comic relief to the scene. A few houses dotted the barren landscape. How the residents of this prairie metropolis made a living remains a mystery. Some were guides, waiting for just such prey as young Roosevelt. Others lived by the wits they possessed, and often went hungry.

Little Missouri itself viewed with a jaundiced eye the optimistic boosters who were to make the land flow with honey. They viewed with particularly acute suspicion a young Frenchman who arrived in March, 1883. He explained that he was Antoine de Vallombrosa, the Marquis de Mores. He was the son of a Duke, a graduate of Saint Cyr, the husband of Medora von Hoffman, who was the daughter of a New York banker. The Marquis had heard of Little Missouri, he said, through a friend who had hunted there. He was, according to those who remembered him in later years, a striking fellow, "black of hair and moustache, twenty-five or twenty-six years old, athletic, vigorous and commanding."

The Marquis had large ideas. He told those who would listen that he intended to build an abattoir at Little Missouri and ship steers and hogs East after they had been slaughtered. The savings would be great. De Mores said that he had at least $10,000,000 behind him, and before long he had formed the Northern Pacific Refrigerator Company. Little Missouri, however, had no use for a business prosperity which might bring sheriffs and jails and thereby disturb the accustomed routine of life. Coöperation was not forthcoming and so, in disgust, de Mores started a new community on the other bank of the river. With true Gallic sentimentality, he named it Medora, in honor of his wife. This was on April 1, 1883, and the future seemed bright. De Mores actually spent

WILMOT DOW

Photographs by courtesy of the Roosevelt Memorial Association, 28 East Twentieth Street, New York

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some $300,000 for warehouses along the route of the Northern Pacific. By February, 1884, Medora had a weekly newspaper, *The Bad Lands Cowboy*. The following June an item appeared among the personal notices:

Theodore Roosevelt, the young New York reformer, made us a very pleasant call Monday in full cowboy regalia. New York will certainly lose him for some time at least, as he is perfectly charmed with our free Western life. . . .

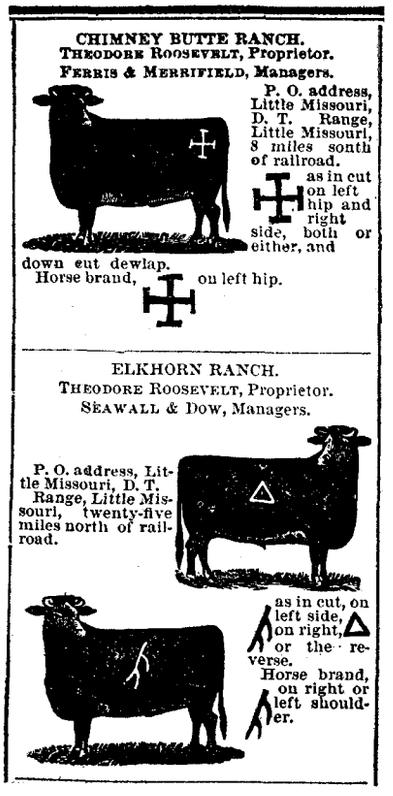
Roosevelt became the owner of two ranches, the first at Chimney Butte, seven or eight miles from Little Missouri's cluster of shacks, and more generally known as the Maltese Cross because of its brand. The other was the Elkhorn Ranch, twenty miles down the river. Sylvane Ferris and Merrifield had, when Roosevelt suggested it in 1883, agreed to become his partners in a cattle enterprise.

Ferris and Merrifield took care of Roosevelt's interests during the winter of 1883-84. They were at the Medora station when he returned on June 9, 1884. On the following morning all three rode to the Maltese Cross together and Roosevelt began, in earnest, the life of gentleman cowhand. A small cabin for his use had been added to the place; one of the rooms was to be a library and study. He had arranged to do some literary work between round-ups. The love of beauty, which had so marked Theodore Roosevelt as a child, and which had been so strangely lacking at Harvard, had returned. But he remembered, as much as the beauty, the vigorous life of his years in the West. He established himself with the cowboys whose riding, recklessness and exhibitionism he admired extravagantly. That Roosevelt, wearing eyeglasses and christened "Four-Eyes," was able to win their respect is no small tribute to his character. His somewhat precise tones, still flavored by exposure to Harvard culture, rang strangely in their ears. He did not smoke or drink. His worst profanity was an infrequent "damn," and his usual ejaculation was "By Godfrey." The first time he took part in a roundup, some time during the summer of 1884, one or two hardened cowboys nearly fell from their saddles as he called in his high voice to one of the men:

"Hasten forward quickly, there!"

The phrase became a classic in the Bad Lands. Riders passing distant ranches relayed it with guffaws. Strangers in Medora and Little Missouri saloons were puzzled as some thirsty customer ordered the bartender to "Hasten quickly" with his drink. Every one was eager to repeat the story.

Roosevelt's conception of a cowboy costume aroused additional merriment. "You would be amused to see me," he wrote to Lodge—one of the few instances in which Roosevelt gave way to understatement—"in my broad sombrero hat, fringed and beaded buckskin shirt, horsehide chaparajos or riding trousers, and cowboy boots, with braided bridle and silver spurs." To his older sister he confided that "I now look like a regular cowboy dandy, with all my equipment finished in the most expensive style." In addition to his colorful clothing he had a "pearl-hilted revolver and [a] beautifully finished Winchester rifle. . . . I feel ready for anything." On his return East in July, 1884, he was excessively patronizing to the effete young men of his acquaintance:


CHIMNEY BUTTE RANCH.
THEODORE ROOSEVELT, Proprietor.
FERRIS & MERRIFIELD, Managers.
P. O. address, Little Missouri, D. T. Range, Little Missouri, 8 miles sonth of railroad.
as in cut on left hip and right side, both or either, and
down cut dewlap.
Horse brand, on left hip.
ELKHORN RANCH.
THEODORE ROOSEVELT, Proprietor.
SEAWALL & DOW, Managers.
P. O. address, Little Missouri, D. T. Range, Little Missouri, twenty-five miles north of railroad.
as in cut, on left side, on right, or the reverse.
Horse brand, on right or left shoulder.

ROOSEVELT'S BRANDS

> It would electrify some of my friends who have accused me of representing the kid-gloved element in politics if they could see me galloping over the plains, day in and day out . . . . with a big sombrero on my head. For good, healthy exercise I would strongly recommend some of our gilded youth to go West and try a short course of riding bucking ponies and assisting at the branding of a lot of Texas steers.

ANTAGONIST

Relations between Roosevelt and his noble French neighbor, the Marquis de Mores, became so strained that cowboy gossip had them planning a duel with rifles, which never came off. But tart notes were exchanged

Photo by L. A. Huffman, Miles City, Mont.

On returning from this trip, on which he had announced his support of Blaine, Roosevelt brought Bill Sewall and his nephew, Will Dow, back with him, and prepared to transform them into cow hands. He had found that the Maltese Cross, located on one of the more traveled trails, was hardly a place where literary work could be done. So the two Maine guides built another house at Elkhorn. They also learned to ride horseback, amid jeers from the native westerners. They were intelligent men and they soon mastered the cattle business. But Sewall, with prophetic vision, looked at the increasingly parched landscape and insisted to Roosevelt that it was "not much of a cattle country."

Meanwhile, in the Bad Lands, there were demands that Roosevelt serve as one of the first Congressmen from the territory soon to become a state. The Mandan (Dakota) *Press* praised "this vigorous young Republican of the new school" and said that, should he run for office, signal honors would be his. Roosevelt had no desire for it. Either he still had aspirations in the East, which is probable, or he was disgusted with public life. His letters reflected merely his reluctant conclusion that he must assist in the Blaine campaign.

Grover Cleveland, Blaine, the Mugwumps, the tariff; all these must have seemed remote as Roosevelt watched the Bad Lands locked in winter. He had returned from his campaigning in November, 1884. Roosevelt would have been far more contented had he remained in the West throughout the winter of 1884-85. He did some hunting. He was active in organizing an association of stockmen which would inaugurate law and order and put down the cattle thieves. He was still restless, how-

BILL SEWALL

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THE LIGHTWEIGHT BOXER

Roosevelt's skill as a boxer at Harvard, where he was runner-up for the championship, stood him in stead in the Bad Lands when he knocked out a tormentor with a single blow

ever. On December 20, 1884, he went East again, in order to be with his daughter at Christmas. While there, he began work on his series of hunting and ranching essays. He also dressed up in his cowboy costume and had some photographs taken. Facing the studio camera, with a painted backdrop behind him and imitation grass in the foreground, he leaned on his trusty rifle, assumed a fiercely western expression, and gazed out across imaginary prairies. One of the photographs was used as a frontispiece for his *Hunting Trips of a Ranchman*. He also found time, while in New York, to complete a lengthy article for *The Century* on *Phases of State Legislation*. This described his experiences of the past three years, and it did not increase his standing with the Republican machine in New York.

"Mayor Grace," he told Lodge, after returning to Medora in April, 1885, "wants me to take the position of President of the Board of Health. I don't know what to do about it."

He did nothing. During the next two years he was to be pulled this way and that way. Should he accept a nomination for Mayor of New York? Should he spend a winter in Dakota or at home trying to write? Where was happiness to be found—in the western country that he professed to love so or among the milling crowds of the cities, whose allure he could never shake off? For the moment, in the spring of 1885, he was occupied with his literary work and his ranch. The cattle had survived the winter. At the Maltese Cross a half dozen men were now busy and Roosevelt's optimism rose again. He enjoyed the hard work. He treasured the respect which, despite his eccentricities, he had won from his hands. That spring he sent to Minnesota for still more steers, although Bill Sewall continued to protest that this was no country for cattle.

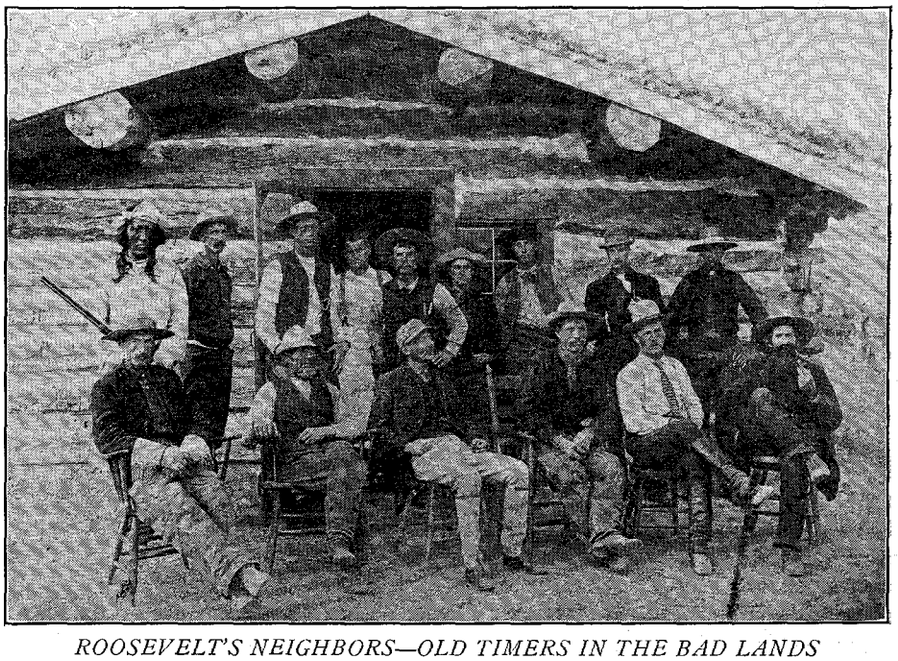
By summer, Medora was prospering. Joe Ferris, the brother of Roosevelt's partner, had opened a store. Brick houses were being built. There was a Catholic church, a barber shop, a drug store and a hardware store. One pioneer had built a roller skating rink where cowboys would stop after exhilarating hours in Bill Williams' saloon and delight their companions with plain and fancy skating. Bill Williams was the town Bad Man; its resident villain. He ran the faro game. He represented Sin, and sometimes he would stand in the doorway of his place and discharge his six-shooter.

Excessively moral himself, Roosevelt never failed to be fascinated by wickedness in others. "I am not in the least sensitive as to the past career of one of these Vikings of the border," he confided to Emerson Hough. He was particularly intrigued by "Hell Roaring Bill" Jones, so called to distinguish him from several other Bill Joneses in the community, who was Sheriff at Medora during the boom days. Bill's profanity was an art-study in purple. Roosevelt never forgot the Sheriff, who in leisure moments had worked on the Maltese Cross as cowhand.

IN THE summer of 1903 he met the former guardian of the law, somewhat fallen in estate due to liquor, driving a team near Yellowstone Park. This brought back memories of the days in Medora, the days when there had been straight-shooting villains and all the world was adolescent. On his return to Washington, the President told his Secretary of State, John Hay, about "Hell Roaring Bill" and so entranced that connoisseur of good stories that he demanded a written version. It was duly supplied, and Hay read the letter "by a crackling brick fire . . . . while a thunderstorm played a fitting obligato" at his country place in New Hampshire. Roosevelt had recalled a three-cornered conversation at Medora, some time in the '80's, with Sylvane Ferris and the Sheriff:

> There was also a good deal of talk about a lunatic, and some cross-questioning brought out a story which cast light on the frontier theory of care for the insane. Sylvane began—"Well, the way was this. That lunatic was on the train and he up and shot the newsboy, and at first they wasn't going to do anything about it because they thought he just had it in for the newsboy. But someone said 'Why, he's plumb crazy and is liable to shoot one of us'—and they threw him off the train."
>
> It was at Medora where this incident occurred . . . . and Sheriff Bill Jones came forward. Here he took up the tale himself:

(Continued on Page 127*)*



ROOSEVELT'S NEIGHBORS—OLD TIMERS IN THE BAD LANDS

Photo by Ingersoll, St. Paul

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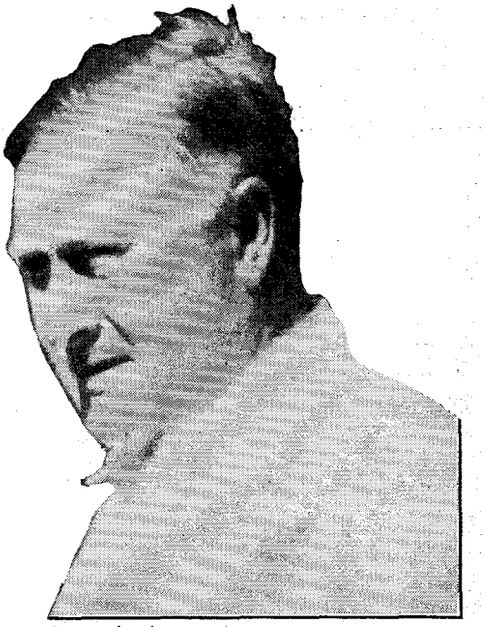
It is legal. You can enjoy the full, matchless flavor and bouquet of the juice of California's finest wine-grapes in the full knowledge that you are not a law-breaker. This solves a great problem and fills a long-felt need. Section 29 of the National Prohibition Act permits it in your home. Our home delivery plan makes its complete enjoyment available to you in your own home without any fuss, bother or attention

THE PROMISE AND TWO OF THE PROMISERS

At the left, Mabel Willebrandt, former Assistant Attorney General in charge of prohibition prosecutions, and now counsel for the grape growers' coöperative, and right, Thomas C. C. Gregory, who helped to organize the growers. Above is a paragraph from the advertising of the organization



International

▶▶ "Grapes of Gall" ◀◀

California's Gift to A Noble Experiment

By RAY T. TUCKER

PROHIBITION, which wrecked so many thriving industries, including the manufacture of beer and whiskey, and the cultivation of rye, hops and barley, proved a boon and a boom to growers of grapes in Herbert Hoover's home state of California. It was one of the numerous vagaries of prohibition.

Vineyardists, who were about to tear out their terraced vines when the nation became dry, rubbed their eyes as orders for grapes poured in, not only from eastern cities where the foreign-born had been wont to press their own, but from all sections. People hitherto accustomed to stronger drink turned hopefully to wine. Acting upon advice subsequently given by Mabel Walker Willebrandt, the erstwhile political exponent of prohibition, they took to their cellars and cellarettes. Wines, for the moment, supplanted cocktails and highballs.

In the ensuing years California's acreage planted in grapes steadily increased, until by 1927 it was double the 1919 total—662,104 acres as against 322,000. More than 50,000 carloads of grapes were shipped to sinful sections annually, and it had become a $60,000,000 industry. By 1928, however, the bubble broke. The expansion of the industry had been so rapid and so irregular that amateur wine-makers could not keep pace. Growers of grapes faced a $10,000,000 loss for that single year, due to curtailment of markets and a drop of $20 in the price per ton. There were "grape weeks," radio advertising and vaudeville stunts designed to re-whet the American appetite for grapes, but to no avail.

Oddly enough, Coolidge prosperity was, in part, responsible for this depression. Foreign-born consumers, particularly of the Latin races, were imitating their American friends and investing in Wall Street with the result that their buying power for grapes declined. The younger set had developed the gin habit, and their parents, flush from profits in the market, were able to afford "stuff just off the ship." The brewers, largely as a result of the experiences of the grape industry, had begun to manufacture malt and wort extracts, and home-brew furnished competition. For all these reasons, the organizers and financiers of the Save-California-Grapes movement faced bankruptcy.

Then, for the first time, was it publicly admitted that the bulk of the grape crop since prohibition had been consumed in the making of wine. The California Vineyardists' Association blurted out the awful truth as it sought to organize 85 per cent. of the growers so that it could control both manufacture and distribution. With Mr. Hoover in the White House—or on his way there—his friends and associates found it not difficult to devise ways and means of salvaging their grapes that would be satisfactory to the federal government. Unlike producers of cotton and wheat, however, the California grape growers were not asked to plow up one-third of their acreage.

Throughout California there were revival meetings at which the holy purpose of the new movement was explained in solemn terms. It was, the leaders insisted, designed only to control shipments so that the Association could assure the incoming California administration that the grapes were going into legal rather than bootleg channels. Donald D. Conn, dominant figure in the organization, and Paul Garrett, a New York manufacturer of grape by-products, tore away the mask and frankly told the growers that their salvation rested in development of a nationwide wine industry.

"The grape industry," said Conn, "is a legal industry. In 1927 90 per cent. of all grapes shipped from Fresno County went to make wine. But the making of wine is not in violation of the Volstead Act. Section 29 was written into the law to exempt fruit juices. We have the right to ship fruit juices and grape concentrates to any American in New York. The time has come when you can't preach dry unless you act that way. Let the householder make his juices and forget the bootlegger."

"The juice grape crop," said Mr. Garrett, "is taken by 10 per cent. of the population of the cities which is foreign-born. The American will not crush grapes, but he will drink his fruit juice if he can get it clean. We should give the American the same privilege as the foreigner. The biggest opposition will come from the bootlegger."

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Thus, with a waving of the flag and white ribbons, and assertion of "the rights of Americans" over "foreigners," the enterprise was started.

It was, peculiarly, inaugurated in February, 1929, or one month before California's most eminent son, albeit an adopted one, entered the White House. The organization in California was perfected by Thomas C. C. Gregory, who has been one of Mr. Hoover's closest friends for years. During the war, as the Hoover representative in the Balkans, Mr. Gregory had exhibited traits of strong-arm diplomacy qualifying him for the professional service. He is credited with having driven the Communists from Hungary through his authority over distribution of food, and with having installed the Horthy régime.

The next step was to obtain from the Federal Farm Board a loan of approximately $16,000,000, of which $2,500,000 was for the manufacture and distribution of the so-called "grape concentrate." Mrs. Willebrandt, another Hooverite and Californian, bobbed up about this time as lawyer for the grape industry at the capital. Despite her valiant service in mobilizing the parsons and prohibitionists against Al Smith in 1928, she had been unable to draw a federal judgeship out of the White House. So, instead of going on the bench to deal out heavy sentences to topers—she was one of the actual authors of the Jones five-and-ten law—she set to work to persuade the Farm Board to underwrite the infant industry.

Her arguments, to say the least, were ingenuous. Grapes shipped in their original form, she told the board, were falling into the hands of Al Capone in Chicago and into the clutches of bootleggers elsewhere. Capone's henchmen, according to the little lady, were wont to commandeer freight cars carrying the grapes, and convert them to their own unlawful purposes. Would it not be better, she asked, if the industry were permitted to manufacture and ship a concentrate which could be more easily controlled and kept out of illicit channels? With such pleas she and Mr. Gregory laid claim to part of the $500,000,000 appropriated for agricultural relief, and they succeeded handsomely.

It may have been no more than coincidence, but another Californian entered the picture at this moment. He was C. C. Teague, member of the Farm Board, and, oddly enough, another close friend of President Hoover. It was he who succumbed to Mrs. Willebrandt's argument, and upon his recommendation the government became, as she was to assert later in self-defense, a partner in the business of quenching thirst with a beverage of no small alcoholic proportion.

Inasmuch as considerable secrecy had attended these negotiations, and others which are not yet known, there was some stir when full-page newspaper advertisements appeared soon thereafter with a message of cheer to the thirsty. These served formal notice that the Fruit Industries Ltd. was about to place on the market a palatable grape concentrate which, if allowed to ferment, turned into wine of about 14 per cent. alcoholic content.

There was no longer any pit-patting down the devious paths of prohibition. The advertisements boldly stated that "The government joins hands with the grape industry," "Extensive advertising and trade promotion planned"—a sop to the press mayhap—and "Legal purchase for home consumption of juice grapes assured." More important still, the holy hucksters declared, although they failed to cite their authority, that "there will be no authorized federal interference with consumers who desire to purchase grapes for home manufacture and consumption of fruit juices." With clever and artful phraseology the advertisements left little doubt that the eventual product would pack a "kick." All the brands of the good old days—Port, Sherry, Sauterne, Tokay—were listed among the beverages.

Ewing Galloway

A VINEYARD IN CALIFORNIA
Modern cultivation of a huge establishment near Fresno

It does not require a practiced eye to note that the advertisements said little or nothing about "concentrate." The emphasis was placed on "juice grapes," "home consumption" and "legal purchase." The grapesters, like the Administration, were apparently feeling the way cautiously in these early days. It did not know then how much the professional drys or a cynical public would stand for.

In view of the flat announcement that there would be "no authorized federal interference" with this attack upon the "experiment noble in motive," the behavior of prohibition officials during this period was amusing. Mrs. Willebrandt, as always happens when she becomes the cause and center of a controversy—which is most of the time—denied herself to the curious. Amos W. W. Woodcock, Prohibition Commissioner, professed unusual ignorance, and, despite his close friendship with Mrs. Willebrandt, insisted that he had not authorized any such announcement. Attorney General William D. Mitchell and Aaron Youngquist, Assistant Attorney General in charge of Prohibition Enforcement, were delightfully dumb. They had never heard of the proposal, they said, until it was laid before them by newspaper correspondents. The White House—well, why go into that! Mr. Hoover was, as is his wont when controversial matters arise, cancelling his press conferences and busying himself with problems much more remote to his political health.

Nobody, it appeared, had sanctioned the grape men's statement, and so it must be obvious that they thought out and proclaimed a new governmental policy on their own initiative. Nevertheless, prohibition officials took no effective step to investigate or halt the sale, and they have not moved to this day. In fact, they pointed out, as if it were at all pertinent, that Section 29 of the Volstead Act permits the home manufacture of

(Continued on Page 124*)*

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▸▸ Fog About Jobs ◂◂

How Politics Muddles the Unemployment Problem

By FREDERICK R. BARKLEY

WHEN the history of the Hoover Administration is written, historians probably will have no more difficult task than the reconciling with statesmanship and consistency of President Hoover's attitude respecting the Wagner Employment Exchange bill, which he vetoed last spring, and the so-called Hoover-Doak employment service which he has set up as a substitute. Not a few uncomplimentary adjectives have been applied to this presidential attitude, and undoubtedly many more will be. This article will attempt only to narrate in plain factual sequence what has happened so far; to tie together in a coherent, cumulative whole a series of related incidents which even the most complaisant must find exceedingly strange.

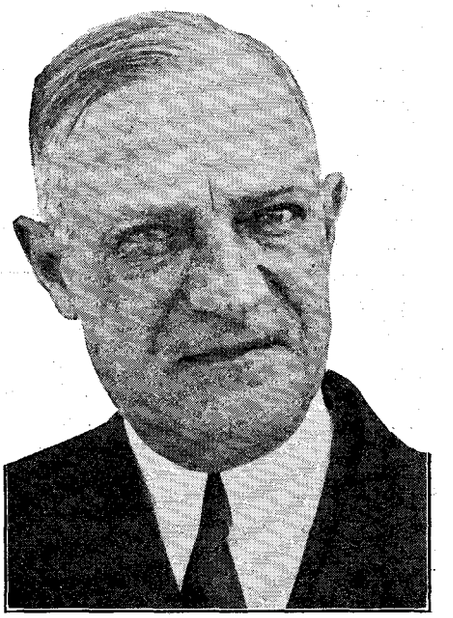
When Mr. Hoover became President there was much reason to believe that he was thoroughly alive to the unemployment problem, even then a real one due to increased use of machine processes, though largely obscured by the surging waves of what we called prosperity. That he believed definite legislation should be passed to meet the problem could also be taken for granted. In 1920, as vice-chairman of President Wilson's second industrial conference, for example, he had joined in recommending "the enactment of appropriate legislation by the Congress making provision for an employment clearing house under federal control." In 1921, as chairman of President Harding's Conference on Unemployment, he was probably chiefly responsible for a proposal for "an adequate, permanent system of employment offices" and for the Conference's declaration that the existing federal agency was inadequate. In 1923 Mr. Hoover, as Secretary of Commerce, appointed a committee on business cycles and unemployment which also recommended "a national system of employment bureaus." In 1924 he appointed another committee on seasonal operations in the building industry which repeated this often indorsed proposal.

This was the situation when the stock market crash threatened to transform the chronic problem, and the need of legislation to help meet it, into an acute one. It was logical to expect that in his message to Congress that December Mr. Hoover would repeat his often-made recommendation, and urge prompt action upon it. But upon this point his message was silent, even though by that time winter was at hand.

Then, as it happened, a Democrat—Senator Robert F. Wagner, of New York—came forward with three unemployment relief and prevention bills. One of them came as close to embodying the Hoover committee recommendations for an "adequate, permanent system of employment offices" as would seem humanly possible. It recognized, as had the Harding committee headed by Mr. Hoover in 1921, that the existing federal agency, set up under the Wilson régime in 1918, was inadequate. It proposed, in brief, to establish a new and well-financed federal-state system which would supervise, coördinate and help finance existing or created state agencies through the well-known "fifty-fifty" plan of federal aid and direction. Senator Wagner presented it as an application of the Hoover recommendations. He did not pretend that it would solve the increasingly acute unemployment problem of a depression period, but he did hold that the best chance of meeting the permanent need for such a system was to seek action while public attention was directed sharply to the problem.

It soon became evident, however, that for some unexplained reason Mr. Hoover was opposed to the bill. Senator Jones, an Administration leader, failed to call his Commerce Committee together to consider it and scouted its value. Secretary of Labor Davis opposed it, although he later withdrew his opposition under Labor pressure when the bill, through a change in committee chairmanships, was finally taken up, widely indorsed and favorably reported. When the Senate passed it in the spring of 1930, Administration Senators were almost solidly in opposition, although they had little to say regarding their reasons.

SENT over to the Administration-dominated House, the bill met a frigid reception. Referred to a Judiciary subcommittee, it was considered definitely killed until rank-and-file Republican pressure forced a resurrection and a favorable report, placing it on the House calendar. Refusal of the House leaders to take it up, however, resulted in the session of 1930 ending without action. It was not until the closing days of the next session in the spring of this year—when even the Administration had admitted the gravity of unemployment—that it finally was driven through.



SENATOR WAGNER
His unemployment bills were killed by the Administration

Then the President's hitherto covert but widely suspected opposition came into the open, to develop in the series of strange events previously mentioned. Up to this time the only direct evidence of his opposition had been his total lack of manifested interest in the measure, and a general statement in his opening message to the last session that it was "as yet too soon to constructively formulate" any measures to prevent or relieve the effects of depression. On the issuance of this message, Senator Wagner finally abandoned the attitude of coöperation with the Administration which he had so patiently maintained.

"I returned to Washington," he said bitterly, "cherishing the hope that the Administration, chastened by the last election, would willingly coöperate in the effort to do something today. Instead, in the very first message of the President, I am greeted with the old refrain: 'Tomorrow, tomorrow; it is too soon to act today.' That is not the temper of our people who are out pounding the pavements. That is not the temper of the people who fear that their turn may come next to join the idle."

Mr. Hoover himself was soon to learn this. He learned it when, upon announcing a post-session pocket veto of the finally enacted measure, a storm of criticism against both his action and the reasons he gave for it swept the country.

The President had offered a number of reasons for this pocket veto. Chief of

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them were the assertions that the veto was necessary to "prevent a grievous blow to Labor"—which had unanimously indorsed the measure—"because this bill unfortunately abolishes the whole of the well-developed present federal employment service"—that is, the selfsame, unaltered service which Mr. Hoover ten years before had said was inadequate and should be supplanted. And to emphasize further the unwisdom of abolishing this "well-developed service," Mr. Hoover asserted that it was "today finding places of employment for men and women at the rate of 1,300,000 per annum."

THAT a federal service doing such splendid work actually existed came as surprising news to many. That both Houses of Congress should have passed a bill abolishing it forthwith, while knowing that it would take a year or so to make the new service effective, was just as surprising. That the Administration—if interested in any new legislation, as Mr. Hoover at this late date finally said it was—should have let the bill stand pending for a year and a half without seeking to remedy these alleged faults, was no less astonishing.

But surprise and astonishment were soon succeeded by other emotions. Some of them were aroused when Senator Wagner vehemently denied that abolition of the old service would leave a year's hiatus before the new one could begin functioning. It was true that one section of the bill abolished the old service forthwith and that the new coöperative one could not become a completed finality until the states acted. But another section provided specifically that until state legislatures acted in conformity with the bill the director-general of the new service might "establish and maintain" in such states either a purely federal service or such a coöperative federal-state service as he could arrange with existing state agencies. This authority ran for nearly two years and a half—plenty of time in which the state legislatures could act—and even to the man in the street it appeared to negative Mr. Hoover's purported fears completely.

Although this presidential statement made the friends of the Wagner bill shake their heads in astonishment, the thing that made them rage was Mr. Hoover's flat and unqualified assertion that the discredited old federal service was "today finding places of employment for men and women at the rate of 1,300,000 per annum."

The mildest comment that could be made on this statement would not be flattering to Mr. Hoover. The first published intimation of this came when Miss Frances Perkins, head of the New York state employment service, asserted that Mr. Hoover must have counted all the persons for whom jobs were being found by independent state and local agencies. The full extent of the misstatement was not revealed, however, until a correspondent of the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, a week later, sought to learn more about the basis of the President's assertion, until then generally unquestioned.

It required only a brief perusal of the last three annual reports of the Labor Department, of which this service is a

Wide World

WALTER S. GIFFORD
A great organizer, who steps into the breach

part, to explode it completely. Of the 1,300,000 workers allegedly placed in the last reported year, a full 700,000—more than half—were shown by this report to have been placed by independent state and local agencies, as Miss Perkins had suspected. Mr. Hoover claimed the credit for his "well-organized" federal service because that service had customarily made some official of each independent agency a "federal director" at $1 a year, and provided a few other equally important perquisites, such as the free mail privilege. The Labor Department correctly described this tenuous connection as merely "an expression of courtesy and good will on the part of the Federal Government."

But this was not all. Six hundred thousand more alleged placements a year remained to be accounted for. The annual reports made it amply plain what they were. They were decidedly not cases of getting work for men who might otherwise have been at a loss for jobs, as Mr. Hoover had indicated, but rather the finding of temporary harvest hands for eager farmers.

Probably the farm hands noticed a change in the "monetary values" of their labor, however, when the federal service abolished the necessity for farmers bidding against each other to get them.

One small item of credit remained to uphold the sweeping claims Mr. Hoover had made. A year earlier Congress had established a special veterans' employment service, to be administered by the federal agency. When that agency last reported, the service had been in effect four months. It had found jobs for 3,000 men! And this was the net fact behind the President's glowing statement.

As all these facts gradually became known, it became obvious to the Administration that something must be done. Fortunately for Mr. Hoover's needs, Congress, in the final days of the session, had added half a million dollars to the normal $385,000 appropriation of the existing federal service. And "well-developed" as Mr. Hoover had found it a few weeks earlier, he soon discovered that it needed a lot more developing. He thereupon revealed plans for expansion, and entrusted Secretary of Labor Doak with the task. Mr. Doak announced that the result would be "the greatest public employment service possible commensurate with the needs of the present and for all time." Through forty-nine state directors and seven regional superintendents, this expanded service was to function effectively in every state.

THE mustering of the new state directors, which caused no little heartburning here and there by its supplanting of the old dollar-a-year men, began promptly. The roster, compiled without benefit of civil service, was completed early in July. It showed a generous sprinkling of ex-labor leaders who had been colleagues of Mr. Doak in the railway unions. It has been publicly asserted that one state director was formerly a grand dragon of the Ku Klux Klan, who had helped carry the South for Hoover in 1928. This much unemployment obviously had been relieved. The delegates assembled in Washington in April for a series of jolly "pep" sessions in which the Hoover specifics of "coöperation, coördination and rehabilitation" were impressed upon them. No statement of the salaries they receive has ever been made, although often asked for by the press.

In July, when the last job-finding job had been filled, Mr. Doak was completely in the dark on what his "greatest serv-

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ice for all time" had done in actually finding jobs for the commonalty. Reporters were not permitted access to John R. Alpine, the new director of the service, but had to get all the information about the service that they could from Mr. Doak. The latter, in July, promised to get out some figures soon on the results flowing from the extensive expansion. They appeared early in August after the Secretary had spent a week-end at the President's camp, when Mr. Hoover gave the press copies of the long mimeographed letter containing them.

IN INTERESTED quarters there was another burst of indignation. Mr. Doak in his letter had not exactly repeated the President's misrepresentation of last March, but he obviously came as near doing it as he dared. After a long page of glowing single-spaced generalities about the expanded service, in Mr. Doak's inimitably involved English, there flashed out, like a meteor from the murk, a bold but unconnected capitalized statement:

"TOTAL EMPLOYMENT PLACEMENTS FROM APRIL 1 TO JULY 31, 1931: 638,689."

This was "hot news." Over half a million jobs found in four months, right in the midst of the depression! White House reporters representing the press associations dashed to their telephones and flashed bulletins which were soon in print all over the country. Then they read through three more fat paragraphs of Doakian enthusiasm. Buried in the last was an intricate sentence which, upon close study, revealed that the great federal service had found only 281,000 jobs and that the majority of the total had been found, as before, by the independent or so-called "coöperating" state and local agencies. The reporters gnashed their teeth, realizing they had been taken in, and sent out modified stories. But many of them never caught up with the first ones. In papers all over peared such headlines as "U. S. Gets Jobs the country on that and the next day apfor 638,689."

No details are available as to what the 281,000 placements actually made by the federal service amount to. There seems little doubt, however, that practically all were temporary harvesting jobs, in which the same persons may have been counted three or four times as they shifted from job to job.

It may be left to the historians to guess at the reasons for this whole presidential performance. So far, three have been offered: first, that Mr. Hoover feared to go counter to the National Association of Manufacturers, the only group which opposed the bill; second, that he did not want a Democrat to get credit for initiating needed legislation in the face of Republican inaction; and finally that he shuddered at the bureaucratic possibilities of placing the control of jobs in the hands of some corrupt state political machines. This reason, incidentally, did not occur to any one until Mr. Hoover himself brought it forth, three months after his veto.

A few other arguments were raised against the measure by the Manufacturers' Association spokesman and echoed by the Administration representatives. These arguments, Senator Wagner asserted, however, were "so flimsy that I cannot believe they are the real reasons for opposition." One of these arguments involved the general opposition in principle to the federal-aid idea, apparently now a permanent American policy. But Mr. Hoover did not raise this. Another, as stated, was the expression of horror over the federal government establishing agencies in a state without the state's request—but Mr. Hoover obviously could not raise that one. The only other objections he voiced were that the states might dominate the proposed machinery —a rather ridiculous fear in view of the complete federal domination of all other federal-aid projects.

The fate of three other proposals for unemployment relief or prevention introduced by the same Democratic Senator may give the curious perhaps the best basis on which to judge the reasons back of Mr. Hoover's attitude. One of these bills proposed a permanent plan for long-range advance planning of public works, so that these might be promptly launched as a means of checking future depressions in their incipiency. It also embodied an idea long advocated by Mr. Hoover as Secretary of Commerce. Promptly passed by the Senate, it met in the Administration-controlled House much the same reception as the Employment Exchange bill. When it was finally forced through late in the last session, it was only after a pretty complete emasculation by the House, and in announcing his signature of it, Mr. Hoover gave entire credit for it to the chief emasculator and to two subordinates.

The second Wagner bill met but a little happier fate. This provided for establishing an effective permanent system of collecting data on unemployment —obviously the first requisite for any attack upon the problem. Like the other two Wagner proposals, it also has been frequently urged by Mr. Hoover as Secretary of Commerce, but from Mr. Hoover as President it received not one encouraging nod. When the House finally passed it, it made it a dead letter by refusing to appropriate the $40,000 pittance necessary to start the work.

The final Wagner proposal, introduced only last winter, contemplated a coöperative federal-state unemployment insurance system. Somewhat more "radical" than the other three, it was the only one which did not conform to the President's previously expressed convictions. Accompanying it was a resolution for the appointment of a special committee to study the whole question. Here again presidential animus appeared. Although all custom and precedent dictated that Mr. Wagner should be made chairman of this committee, the other two members—Hebert, of Rhode Island; and Glenn, of Illinois—staunch Administration men—refused him the post, Glenn later admitting that this action was taken at Mr. Hoover's command.

THE whole strange exhibition of Administration inconsistency, futility and mendacity has just been given a choice fillip as this is written. It came as the result of Secretary Doak's demand for the resignation from the old "well-developed" service of Francis I. Jones, its active head for ten years, on the ground that his services were "exceedingly unsatisfactory." Mr. Jones retorted in pungent language. The expanded service, he said, was a hodge-podge of "futility," "inexperienced men" and "fantastic methods." So fantastic was it, he later asserted, that seven of the highest-salaried newcomers into the service were spending their time merely opening letters by hand after "a letter-opening machine was discarded to give these men something to do"; and so futile that it had only placed forty-six men in nine states in three and a half months. Three of the nine states were New York, Pennsylvania and Michigan!

Thus the "greatest federal employment service for all time" continues on its merry way.

This Week's Contributors

Frederick R. Barkley, a Washington newspaper correspondent, associated with *The Baltimore Evening Sun*, has written frequently for the OUTLOOK. His most recent contribution was a portrait of Governor Ritchie of Maryland.

Ray T. Tucker represents the *New York World-Telegram* in Washington and is well-known to OUTLOOK readers for his political articles.

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The Spotlight on Sports

The New Tennis Champion

Two national amateur champions have just been crowned. Francis Ouimet is thirty-eight years old. Newspaper men call him a "grizzled veteran." Ellsworth Vines is not yet twenty. Sport page headlines hail him as "the new boy wonder."

Vines could sit for a portrait of the typical western boy. He fits Booth Tarkington's description of the hero in *Seventeen*. Tall, thin, gangling, awkward, freckle-faced, tight-lipped, this young champion of ours can play tennis like a god when he strikes one of his inspired streaks. His game is still adolescent—blows hot and cold by fits and starts. At his best he can beat any man in the game today—Cochet and Tilden excepted. His knack for tennis transcends mere skill. It amounts to genius.

In action Vines looks glum, almost dour. He doesn't clown like Perry or smile like Lott. His grim manner is the deadly seriousness of youth. To the adolescent, life is anything but a joke.

Despite a juvenile awkwardness Vines has the shambling speed and intuition of a Bob Fitzsimmons. His clumsiness is an optical illusion. Grace may be lacking, but not muscular coördination. He gets there. He makes the right move instinctively. He will be a great champion.

Though Vines deserved his triumph, things were smoothed for him at Forest Hills. All his important matches were scheduled for late afternoon when the sun had spent its fury. In the crucial match against Perry, the Californian got the benefit of many questionable decisions. When he shifted tactics and stormed the net he foot-faulted repeatedly with impunity. Vines had better correct this tendency. French officials will be less lenient.

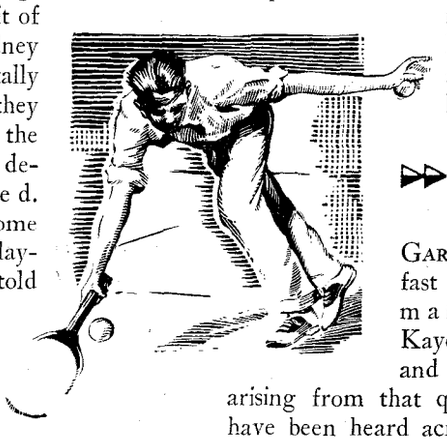
Three Upsets

This year's championship was more of an open affair than it has been since Larned, Wright and Clothier were cutting each other's throats. Tilden's ineligibility made guessing hazardous.

At that there were only three real upsets, *viz.*: Allison's defeat by Bell; Doeg's victory over Shields; and Wood's amazing failure against Bowden, a confirmed second rater.

Sidney Wood seemed strangely lethargic. Julian Myrick's flaxen-haired nephew never attempted to force the net though he was being outsteadied from the baseline. He can volley like a streak, too. Some cynics whispered that Wood didn't choose to risk another drubbing at the hands of Fred Perry, but I can't credit such chatter, particularly since Wood's soft strokes and subtle tactics are calculated to annoy a fluent stylist of Perry's type.

Wood and Perry don't like each other. The English boy thinks Sidney is too cocky. He heard Wood, half in jest, boast that he had come to England to win the Wimbledon title—a bit of bravado which Sidney made good, incidentally beating Perry. When they met again at Paris in the Davis Cup series that decision was reversed. "Whatever the outcome of this tie," the non-playing English captain told his men on the night before the match, "I'll be satisfied if you teach Sidney Wood a lesson." They did!



Shields, Doeg and Lott

Inability to handle Doeg's thunderbolt delivery was the reason for Frank Shields's defeat. To best Doeg it's only necessary to prolong the rally, but Shields couldn't return a reasonable percentage of those cyclonic serves.

Lack of searching ground strokes hobbles Johnny Doeg. Unless he scores an outright winner in the first exchange of shots he is generally doomed. Shields couldn't nourish the rally long enough to exploit Doeg's tendency to err. Frank played into Johnny's hands by fighting fire with fire. Bludgeoning is less effective than fencing for openings when Doeg occupies the opposite court. From the neck down Shields is a potential world's champion. He has the strokes but no sense of strategy.

George Lott drew the sting from Doeg's blood and thunder game by varying the depth and pace of his shots. The Chicagoan employed a baffling lob to keep Doeg away from the net. Lott would alternately draw him in and run him ragged. A canny tactician, Lott mixed up his stuff shrewdly and made an almost Tildenesque use of spin. Doeg's brimstone service held no terrors for Lott. George stood in close and blocked off Johnny's scorchers in a manner that recalled Tony Wilding's deft ripostes of Red McLoughlin's lunges at Wimbledon some twenty years ago. When Doeg found his biggest shells coming back at him he lost his confidence if not his fighting spirit.

For Lott it is just a question of self-control. He is trying hard to curb a tendency to fly off the handle. On the index finger of his left hand Lott has tied a bit of tape. "Just a reminder to keep my temper," he tells you. Lott lost, and yet in a certain sense he won. The once temperamental Chicagoan kept a tight rein on his temper. He lost gracefully after fighting nervily to the end.

"An Old Yankee Trick"

Gar Wood "pulled a fast one" on the sportsmanlike but gullible Kaye Don at Detroit and the repercussions arising from that questionable strategy have been heard across the seas. What Gar Wood in a moment of thoughtless exuberance called "an old Yankee trick" won't help cement Anglo-American friendship. Blood isn't thicker than the Detroit River water in which Miss England II foundered.

Gar's canny coup seemingly lends substance to the cynical charge that present-day Americans stop at nothing to win, but let those who would "indict a nation" remember that Wood's severest condemnation has come from the lips of his own countrymen.

Public opinion on this side of the Atlantic holds that the Harmsworth Trophy was saved at too high a price. Wood, as the Outlook predicted, had the joker up his sleeve, but the jest proved

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a boomerang. The most that can be said for the maneuver by which Don was lured into a premature start is that it smacked more of teamwork than sportsmanship.

Don had the better boat. That much was settled when he won the first heat, averaging eighty-nine miles an hour. Facing certain defeat, Gar Wood apparently laid a trap for his conqueror. The Detroiter elected to beat the gun, perhaps figuring that Don would be decoyed into sticking with him. Wood realized that his one hope of winning lay in compelling Don's less seaworthy craft to take his wash on the turns. This made it imperative for Gar to reach the first curve in the lead. He could accomplish that only by beating the gun. Given a fair start, Miss England's superior speed on the straightaway apparently insured her of rounding the first buoy well ahead of all contenders.

Harmsworth rules specify disqualification for a competitor who crosses the line more than five seconds ahead of the gun. Gar Wood could take this risk because he had two boats against England's one. While he acted as a decoy, his brother George, making a legal start, was America's ace in the hole. The slow-coach of the three boats played the "mop up" rôle.

Don swallowed the bait. He was decoyed into disqualifying England's lone entry. The swamping of his boat—suspected of being "tender" on the turns—was incidental if not inevitable. Don was beaten technically before he capsized. You can't blame him for being hoodwinked.

Compared to his veteran rival, Don is a novice at closed circuit speedboat racing. The Irishman took it for granted that Gar Wood had timed his start to the dot. Don didn't suspect a ruse. He didn't even dream that Gar might purposely court disqualification. The invader, realizing that his faster boat might not weather a heavy wash, felt obliged, on this account, to keep abreast of Wood.

Wood has denied that he purposely tricked Don, thus reversing an alleged admission. The Harmsworth chairman, W. D. Edenburn, insists that the false start was a premeditated maneuver. "Gar told me he meant to beat the gun," said Edenburn. "I talked with him as he waited at the starting line."

Well, Wood kept the cup but it must burn the spot it occupies on the yacht club mantelpiece! Let's hope that this "old Yankee trick" doesn't become an "old Spanish custom" on the river!

GEORGE TREVOR.

▶▶ The Week in Business ◀◀

▶▶ *School Days*

COMPULSORY education has been the merchant's best friend during the past week. Retail buying has continued in good volume, with children's clothing, hats, shoes and school supplies accounting for the bulk of the turnover. In quantity, sales have been fully up to seasonal expectations, and in a few markets slightly better than seasonal, but lower retail prices have reduced both the gross receipts and the profit margin.

Production continued quiet, but steel and the motors confidently expect to be operating on increased schedules before the end of September. Steel will be helped by a brisk demand for structural materials, and the chief automobile plants are calling back their operatives after the vacation shutdowns. About 18,000 Ford workers have been recalled, making 85,000 busy at the River Rouge plant, which has orders on hand for 50,000 of the present Model A cars.

Shoe manufacture continues at a promising rate, with widespread demand for the cheaper grades, including footwear for school, factory and farm use. The woolen fabrics still lead the textile division. Some of the New England factories had to operate at full capacity on Labor Day in order to fill rush orders.

Commodity prices, on which the economists are training their binoculars just now, have remained fairly stable for the past 17 weeks. Necessary adjustments have been made in the price levels of many commodities, and some of the most discriminating of American observers believe that the entire list will show signs of revival during October.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

COMMODITY PRICES (Fisher's Index—1926 = 100) September 10—68.9. (Crump's British Index—1926 = 100) September 10—61.2.

CAR LOADINGS (American Railway Assn.). Week ended August 29—763,764 cars (increase of 15,053 over preceding week; reduction of 220,746 under same week of 1930).

STEEL INGOT PRODUCTION. Week ended September 5—28.5% of capacity (reduction of 2.5% under preceding week and of 27.5% under same week of 1930).

CRUDE OIL PRODUCTION. Week ended September 5—daily average gross 1,746,300 barrels (reduction of 5,250 under preceding week and of 690,750 under same week of 1930).

BANK CLEARINGS (as reported to Bradstreet's). Week ended September 10—$5,029,417,000 (reduction of 21.1% under preceding week and of 40.4% under same week of 1930).

FAILURES (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.). Week ended September 10—396 (reduction of 67 under preceding week and of 67 under same week of 1930).

▶▶ *Pronouncements*

IF WORDS were really as potent as we have been led to believe, business would have been either talked to death or galvanized into life long before this.

Occasionally, however, some one makes a comment that is worth thinking about. That is true, we believe, of the address given over a nationwide radio hookup by Silas H. Strawn of Chicago, president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. Attracted by Mr. Strawn's announced topic, "More Faith —Fewer Nostrums," we listened to every word of his talk, and said "Amen" to most of it. Business recovery, he said, must be brought about by coöperative individual effort and not by government. Labor must share with capital the responsibility for resuming production at costs that are not too high for the consumer.

On the whole, Mr. Strawn's attitude was cheerful and confident. The same reaction comes from Major General George S. Gibbs of the International Telephone and Telegraph Company, who reported, after a swing around the country with Curtis A. Comstock of the Postal Telegraph, that there are only three really dark spots on our business map—Detroit, Pittsburgh and New York. The resumption of motor manufacture will help Detroit; indirectly, through increased demand for steel, it will also help Pittsburgh. What is going to help New York, whose vision does not extend to points west of the Hudson River, we do not know. The theme song of Gotham just now is "Blues in My Heart."

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▸▸Big Six in Oil

COMPLETION of the Socony-Vacuum merger and renewal of negotiations for the consolidation of the Standards of New Jersey and California are regarded by well informed oil men as foreshadowing a time in the near future when a half-dozen corporations will control virtually the entire domestic petroleum business.

World conditions in the industry have brought about a period of competition that is so keen as to be destructive. Consolidation is not the choice of the companies—it is an economic necessity. Unless governmental observations prevent it, and in view of the Socony-Vacuum decision this appears to be highly improbable, consolidation will proceed rapidly.

Even now, seven companies control 61 per cent of the domestic business. The seven groups have a total refining capacity of 2,257,000 barrels daily. Of this, 404,700 barrels represent skimming and topping plants, leaving 1,853,000 barrels daily of modern refining capacity. The entire refining capacity of the United States is only 2,519,800 barrels.

In the eastern states we have twelve large companies, competing desperately with each other. In the marketing end there are far too many filling stations and other duplications which make the selling of oil products at a fair profit virtually impossible. Consolidation would lead to the elimination of tremendous wastes, put the industry in a much better position and benefit the consumer by lower prices for gasoline and oils.

▸▸Flynn vs. Graft

JOHN T. FLYNN, warhorse of the old *Globe*, brings out this week *Graft in Business* (Vanguard, $3), striking vigorously at two forms of crookedness in business—commercial bribery and corporation graft.

On bribery, the federal government is asleep. A good bill was introduced in 1930 by Representative Graham of Pennsylvania, but it is lost in the office of the House Judiciary Committee.

The book deals with corporation graft. Mr. Flynn speaks out about railroad "stewardships," rubber stocks, the Bethlehem-Youngstown affair, "extra oil money," banking and other rackets.

What to do? Mr. Flynn's chief suggestion is a joint commission of the Bar, Economic and Bankers Associations to consider changes in our corporation law and policy. A good idea. Mr. Flynn's book has punch, and deserves to find a lot of readers.

FRANK A. FALL.

▸▸ The New Movies ◂◂

▸▸"Monkey Business"

THE four Marx Brothers are on the loose again in a completely insane carnival captioned *Monkey Business*. As far as I am concerned this is the most satisfactory film the Marxi have indulged in—and indulged is exactly the word, for the whole thing is utterly mad and patternless. Frequently they are howlingly funny, and almost never do they let you down completely—which is saying a lot for a full-length comedy. The four boys are stowaways in the hold of the *Bremen* or some such fancy ship. Discovered, they scatter in every direction, turning up in cabins, lounge rooms, the children's theatre and the barber shop. Some of their gags are extremely ingenious, so good in fact that they may pass over the heads of some audiences. The episode which amuses me most is that in which Zeppo hides in the children's marionette theatre to escape his pursuers, poking his head up among the wooden figures. It's really pretty hard to tell which are the real marionettes. Another amusing idea is to have the four Marx Brothers attempt to land at New York on Maurice Chevalier's passport, which they have stolen, each singing a verse of a Chevalier song to prove ownership. If you know the Marx Brothers you will have a swell time at *Monkey Business*, and if you don't, it's high time you found out about them.

Worth Seeing

BAD GIRL: A simple story of a couple's marriage and baby, effective because of its honesty.

MIRACLE WOMAN: Cash and carry evangelism dispensed by sexy Barbara Stanwyck.

THE DREYFUS CASE: Surprisingly dramatic film account of the famous French treason trial. Not to be missed.

STAR WITNESS: An ordinary American family becomes involved in a gang murder. Different.

STREET SCENE: Elmer Rice's stage play brought to the screen with fine effect by King Vidor and Sylvia Sidney. Life in a New York tenement.

TRANSATLANTIC: Cleverly photographed mystery melodrama aboard a big ocean liner.

WOMEN GO ON FOREVER: Clara Kimball Young returns as the referee in a swarming boarding house. Heavily dramatic.

NOT SO GOOD, The AMERICAN TRAGEDY, and ALEXANDER HAMILTON with George Arliss, are interesting, but not up to expectations.

▸▸"The Last Fight"

For sheer entertainment this film of *Nikki and Her War Birds* is entirely satisfactory, although it is obviously imitation Hemingway and Donald Ogden Stewart. Helen Chandler gives her best performance since—please do not laugh—she appeared on the stage in *The Wild Duck*, although the cast is not very convincing as a crowd of neurotic, alcoholic, life-weary, postwar young people from one European bar to another. *The Last Flight* is unusual and vastly entertaining although it does not make its point as a serious study.

▸▸"Waterloo Bridge"

Robert E. Sherwood's play told of an aggressively innocent American soldier who encountered a chippie on Waterloo Bridge in London during an air raid and, firm in the solid American belief that all womanhood is pure and noble, fell in love with her. Until the last of the third act the unhappy girl kept the truth from him. In Universal's movie he takes her to visit his snooty society family which lives in a vast estate in the best British manner. Here she dresses up in ritzy gowns and tramples over butlers and maids. Mae Clarke is good as the girl, but the whole thing isn't so strong.

▸▸"I Am From Siam"

Graham McNamee, Floyd Gibbons, Tom Terris, and the other throaty, sentimental, excitable and obnoxious lecturers who ruin newsreels and travel pictures with their personal emotions should go in a body to see *I am From Siam*. The gentleman who explains this fascinating travel picture does not call the king "buddy" and refer to the natives as "funny little guys." He simply explains what the pictures are.

CREIGHTON PEET.

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The Latest Plays

The Depression Continues

THESE producers are a funny lot. Just when the movies have finally succeeded in getting practically everybody over the mental age of three bored stiff with the Hollywood output, and just when everybody wants his mind taken off his troubles by an entertaining evening in the theatre, what do they go and do? They give us *Just to Remind You*, *Ladies of Creation*, *Free for All*, a revival of *The Merry Widow* and *The Man on Stilts*—all in one week. Although they were all handsomely and carefully produced, what, in the content of the plays, made the entrepreneurs go to all that bother? *The Man on Stilts*, already closed, was Arthur Hopkins' worst effort to date—not forgetting *Roadside* or *The House of Women*—and, it being deceased, all we can do is hope for one of his better ones. Those, as I hope you all know, can be very good indeed.

Collegiate Communism

Although on a less solemn theme than the above, *Free for All*, the Schwab and Mandel musical show is another exhibit which we must regretfully classify under the head of unfulfilled potentialities. Mr. Schwab himself and Oscar Hammerstein II, who wrote the libretto in collaboration, evidently have become a bit tired of the usual musical comedy—as who hasn't? "What's the sense of having the action interrupted by choruses, and why must the first act curtain fall on the estrangement of the lovers on account of the machinations of the menace?" is what they must have asked themselves. So far, so good; but they seem to have taken their own book a good deal too seriously—funny though it was meant to be. Among other things, they set out to spoof communism, psychoanalysis, men who are men in the great open spaces, Reno and romantic Irish ne'er-do-wells. Starting in a coëducational California college, the action takes us to a Nevada mining camp and to the divorce capital itself. In spite, however, of some slick tunes by Richard Whiting—notably *Not that I Care* and *When Your Boy Becomes a Man*—the show just talks itself to death. It would perhaps have been wiser to confine the kidding to only one or two of the subjects and, instead of eliminating the chorus completely, use it to heighten the burlesque or satire, at the same time brightening up the stage.

Recommended Shows

AFTER TOMORROW: About life in the Bronx, but the acting redeems it.

CLOUDY WITH SHOWERS: They're putting in still another third act. The first two have always been funny.

GRAND HOTEL: None of the new ones threatens this from a dramatic standpoint.

THE BAND WAGON: The smartest and most tasteful revue in several seasons.

THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET: My scouts report that Miss Cornell and the whole cast are still giving a fine performance.

THIRD LITTLE SHOW: Saw this again and laughed considerably more than the first time.

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES: Quite up to Ziegfeld specifications.

The performers in *Free for All* are considerably more able than the book gives them a chance to be. Jack Haley, of *Follow Thru* prominence, is nearly swamped under a flood of words but manages to be intermittently amusing. The show is stopped by Grace Johnston singing *When Your Boy Becomes a Man*, and a more incongruous juxtaposition of words and music it has never been my lot to hear. To a "hot" melody, Miss Johnston, as keeper of a dive in Reno, sings to the ingénue, "Though he may go down to the sea in ships, and leave you alone—he'll come back with eager lips pressed to your own." This leads to the climax: "And the kid you knew is a king to you, when your boy becomes a man!" Towards the end Dave Hucheson gets a chance to sing a burlesque sentimental song about *Nevada Moonlight* which, either by coincidence or malicious intent, is almost the identical melody of *Tonight or Never*, a nauseating strain in Earl Carroll's *Vanities*. But by then it's too late. Schwab and Mandel have their first flop on their hands.

Owen Davis' No. 318

The prolific Mr. Owen Davis is the author of *Just to Remind You*, his three hundred and eighteenth play. He will be remembered as the writer of such varying things as *Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model* and *Icebound*, a Pulitzer Prize winner. In the current offering he reverts to his earlier manner and it's all too bad. Too bad because the subject of *Just to Remind You* is so vital that it almost makes it an absorbing play in spite of Mr. Davis' melodramatic *clichés*. The author has the timely courage to depict gangsters as a yellow and skulking crew who usually shoot in the back and the citizenry who allow their depredations as not much better. Paul Kelly, with his customary skill and sincerity, plays a young man who is starting in the laundry business. To be allowed to continue he must pay the gang a hundred dollars a month. He quite rightly considers this extortion and, besides, he is engaged to marry Doris Sabin (Sylvia Field). So he obstinately refuses and sees the window of his shop bombed, acid put in his washing machines and is finally shot as his *fiancée* falls sobbing. Outside an American flag is unfurled from a schoolhouse and the curtain falls while the voices of the children are heard singing "My Country, 'tis of Thee, Sweet Land of Liberty." The second act curtain, when Owen Davis, Jr., goes to his death, is so dramatic that even that charming juvenile couldn't spoil it. But, as a rule, Mr. Owen Davis, Sr., ruined his own effects by overdoing them and his play creaked and groaned mechanically. There is either too much or not enough of the heart interest, although a less artificial actress than Sylvia Field might have made us believe it. Peg Entwistle, who is English to begin with, is far less "refeened" and more moving as the adorer of the boy who is put on the spot. Edward H. Robins does a beautiful job as the villain and succeeds in getting properly hissed without overdoing the part. If only John Wexley, author of *The Last Mile*, had written *Just to Remind You* we should have had something unforgettable and harrowing. Nevertheless, in the absence of a less preachy and more effective denunciation of gangsters and our complacence towards them, I suppose we should be grateful for *Just to Remind You*. Moral indignation is all too rare among us and Mr. Davis perhaps was sore about something when he wrote it.

OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR.

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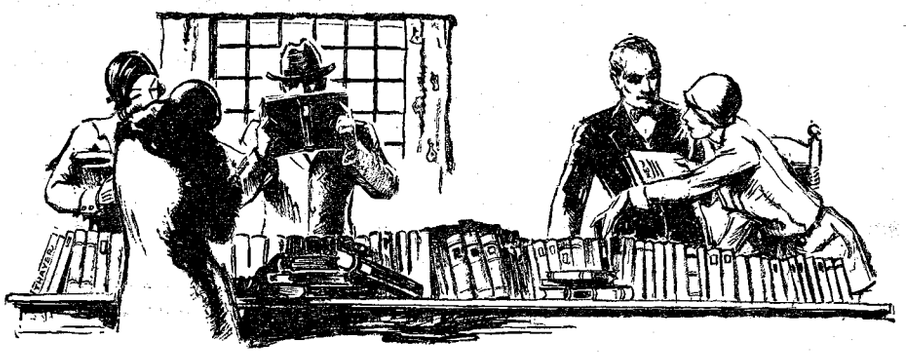
The New Books



The Week's Reading

The Tragic Queen
By Andrew Dakers
Houghton Mifflin, $5.00

Tragic, ill-fated, and, if Mr. Dakers is right, also misunderstood, was Mary, Queen of Scots. Whether the charges of impurity and falsity brought by her enemies are true or not, whether she ever conspired for the assassination of Queen Elizabeth (the main charge on which Mary was condemned)—these and other questions have been argued for over three hundred years, and are still in dispute. What is interesting in this book is not so much new points brought out as the emphasis on certain things. Mr. Dakers, who strongly leans to Mary when he can, describes the purpose of her embarkation from France as "for the joint achievement of Catholic restoration and a bid for the English throne." Mary always refused to yield her claim for succession to the English throne after Elizabeth. Elizabeth absolutely refused anything less. Couple this with the fact that before Mary left France her uncles, the Duke and Cardinal of Guise, got her to cede to the King of France all her rights of succession in England and Scotland, *if she died without issue*. Of course the birth of her son James (later James I of England) made this astounding document worthless, but it is immensely significant. Mary was quite willing to uphold free rights to worship for Catholic and Protestant. But neither Elizabeth nor England wanted to see another Catholic Queen Mary on the throne—one had been enough!

Incidental impressions made in this excellent biography are: that Rizzio was not merely a lover and a lute-player—he was deep in politics and Mary's rebellious Scottish nobles, who plunged their daggers into his fifty-seven wounds, had cause to hate him; that the assertion that ten weeks after the assassination of her silly husband Darnley Mary was "abducted and raped by Bothwell," in consequence married him three weeks later and had still-born twins—that all this story is not newly discovered nor well supported by evidence; that John Knox was even a more pestilent fanatic than we had supposed—Mr. Dakers simply foams at the mouth about him; that, rather oddly, Queen Mary's "four Maries" so dear to romance are not even mentioned; that, while not intentionally unfair to Elizabeth, who certainly was a tricky and temperamental antagonist, the author hardly recognizes Elizabeth's one great purpose—to keep England free from foreign rule and Roman Catholic domination. Altogether an interesting and readable volume.

R. D. Townsend.

The Wet Parade
By Upton Sinclair
Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50

Mr. Sinclair has never written a greater novel than this; and it is the greatest work of any sort that has thus far appeared on prohibition. By dating everything down to the very hour of the day, Mr. Sinclair has succeeded in spanking Messrs. Harding, Coolidge and Hoover, they being responsible, he feels, for the untried "experiment" we suffer from. Unwilling to surrender so powerful a force to the Democrats, they have preached dry but preyed along with the liquorites. By bringing his heroes and heroines up from underneath the Mason and Dixon line, he has trounced the southern cavaliers for their betrayal of 1928. By locating his main action in New York City and on Long Island, he has, like a general on the front, ploughed through the heaviest forts so that, once through, he need not fear any back firing. If he remained in Louisiana for the first hundred pages, it was obviously in order to assure his readers that big things never start in New York: they start elsewhere and wind up there. There is not an imaginable argument either in favor of or opposed to prohibition that is not worked into the affairs of this novel as Roger Chilcote, his sister Maggie May, and Kip Tarleton bring them to a head. If there be one reason to suppose that Mr. Sinclair is dubious about the moral rightness back of the prohibition idea it lies in the mortal stupidity with which he endows Kip who, in order to pay the bills, becomes a prohibition agent and is shot while his wife, Maggie May, devotes her time to nursing her besotted brother Roger out of his troubles, feeding her two children, and making speeches against Demon Rum. The fathers of Kip and Maggie May had both been southern drunkards. There went into the 431 pages of this novel, at once enlivening (because of its omnipotent and ubiquitous wit) and depressing (because of the facts laid bare), a vast deal of high-grade research, experience and genius. It claims that prohibition has never been tried, and closes with two words writ large: "TRY IT!" There is a school of critics who do not champion Upton Sinclair's methods; but they are always slow about doubting his sincerity.

Allen W. Porterfield.

Forty Stay In
By John W. Vandercook
Harper & Brothers, $2.50

An elementary calculation will show that there are a few million ways to spell "scissors." No two fingerprints are alike, nor any two human faces. The possibilities, therefore, for variety in epic plots are countless. Mr. Vandercook has written a novel such as no man ever wrote before; nor a woman either. The bride-to-be arrives in Liberia ready to marry the American revenue collector stationed there; she falls in love, however, with a roaming painter on the day of her betrothal. But the reader need not squirm at this; the groom had been among the blacks for quite a spell and some of his ideas on color lines had become blurred, whereas the lover is fresh from Yale. Yale cannot be censured for this, for the lad would have been fresh had he come from out among the Oklahoma Aggies. Freshness is natural to him. The god from the wings in this case is

Fiction Worth Reading

Shadows On the Rock, by Willa Cather: Knopf. A charming, sensitive picture of life in Quebec in the days of Frontenac.

The Story of Julian, by Susan Ertz: Appleton. Young love and its problems in an English village, by the author of Madame Claire and The Galaxy.

The Colonel's Daughter, by Richard Aldington: Doubleday, Doran. The plight of an unattractive maiden in her quest for a husband. This satire hits home so closely that it has been banned in England.

All Passion Spent, by V. Sackville-West: Doubleday, Doran. A witty and lovely fantasy of old age.

Susan Spray, by Sheila Kaye-Smith: Harpers. The study of a female evangelist in mid-Victorian England.

NON-FICTION

Washington Merry-Go-Round, Anonymous: Liveright. Official Washington irreverently and entertainingly exposed. The Congressional Library's present most popular book.

Man's Own Show: Civilization, by George A. Dorsey: Harper. An outline of almost everything.

Living Philosophies, A Symposium: Simon & Schuster. The personal credos of some of the world's foremost thinkers.

Most Women, by Alec Waugh: Farrar & Rinehart. Anecdotes and impressions suggested by the author's wanderings in many countries.

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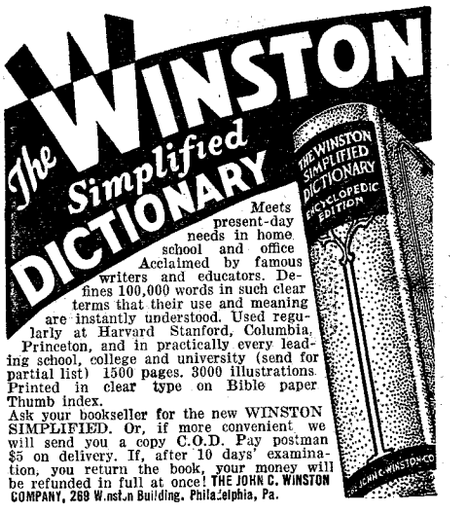
an epidemic of yellow fever. The few whites have been segregated from the blacks, among them the collector. But he can't resist. He slips into Monrovia, seventeen miles from the detention camp, to see his girl friend, a Syrian lass, this time gets stung by a mosquito, comes down with the fever, goes out like a candle, and leaves the way clear for Yale and the girl from Maine. It is a novel whose blurb, while hard to believe, is true for once; it is even conservative. Mr. Vandercook has written a wise novel; also a worldly wise one. It gives a gorgeous picture of official life on the West African coast, and as to the word-paintings of the physical side of things over there—you feel like calling for your kodak when you read of them. The title derives from an old African ballad which tells us that where one wanderer into Liberia comes out at once, all sick of the place, forty stay in, gripped by the quaint and queer fascination of the republic where the Blacks rule while the Whites court their favor. The style is as clear as the crack of a whip from a covered wagon, the story is too good to be untrue.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD.

Alexanderplatz, Berlin
By Alfred Doblin
Viking Press, $5.00

Alfred Döblin, M. D., born in Stettin in 1878, has for years been a good Berliner. He knows the big city on the little Spree. He is married, has four sons, and is the capstone of what is known in Germany as Expressionism. Let no one be misled by the term; it means after all not much more than Impressionism. Döblin is one of the leading writers of narrative fiction in Germany, and his *Alexanderplatz, Berlin,* two volumes, 635 pages, boxed, cannot help but increase his fame as a novelist of the expressionistic sort. The work has been loudly and proudly hailed in Germany. Precisely how it will be received in this country is a question. The facts, the plot, could not be simpler. The hero, Franz Biberkopf, just released from prison for the murder of his fiancée, comes back to Berlin determined to be decent. But he falls upon misfortunes as naturally as dust on a city sill. Some gangsters take him for a ride, and he loses his right arm. A pal hacks his sweetheart to pieces and he is accused of the crime, only to be placed in jail, where he comes to his senses without benefit of clergy, rather through the aid of psychoanalysis, repents of his past, gets reason, and a job as a doorkeeper in a factory. This is simple enough. The American public, however, is bound to have trouble disentangling the relation of all this to the lessons from the Old Testament, Greek tragedy, Goethe, Schiller, Nietzsche and Stirner that are



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interwoven. Although the story in itself is terrible, the thought back of it is kindly, for Franz Biberkopf is another one of those people who mean well but who display a gigantic amount of bad queerness in putting their intentions into effect. The translation "into the American" by Eugene Jolas is also bound to give the American reader many a jar. There is not a word known to our profanity, vulgarity, obscenity, slang and gangsterdom that is not found in it. There are sentences which no magazine in the United States would publish. For the manipulation of American speech as spoken in the dirtiest corners of our block of Christendom, the translation is admirable. It has been, however, a bit overworked; there was really no need of perfect indecency. Comparison with the original makes this evident. A more temperate rendering would have given us an even better idea as to how a German writes a Winesburg, O., or a Middletown, N. Y. And Jakob Wassermann would have written Alexander Place, Berlin, with more refinement.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD.

The Wolf in the Garden
By Alfred H. Bill
Longmans, $2.00

When Felicity came to the little Catskill village of New Dortrecht, Robert fell violently in love with her. But the course of true love was obstructed by the rich Count de Saint Loup, who would save Uncle Barclay from ruin if Felicity married him. There was something very queer about the Count. His enemies were usually attacked by a werewolf; several people had been killed by this beast, and no one dared venture on the streets at night. But Robert and the rector, Mr. Sackville, defeated the Count and slew the beast with silver bullets. If you like weirdness and witchcraft, we recommend this one.

Susan Ertz's
The Story of Julian
D. Appleton, $2.50

Most people, at a certain age, seem to crystallize. At this point they keep whatever ideas have molded them. All new shapes and forms, all new viewpoints, looming against set horizons, they rebuff. Forgetting that history has shown the succession of men to be like leaves fallen from one tree, anguished parents greet the newcome generation with a paroxysm of fear. So, in the English village inhabited, for part of each week, by a few intellectual families, battles rage sub-rosa. Julian lives with unhappy parents. At eighteen, chivalrous and ultra-sensitive, he suffers much through his mother who, herself, has dedicated her life to suffering. "We were like a lot of clocks," he expounded to himself, in a crisis of misunderstanding, "all striking different hours, all convinced we were telling the right time." His story involves his love for seventeen-year-old Hildegarde, his father's love for a brave young woman named Pauline, and her father's adventure with an adventuress. It involves, too, the village rector who tries to draw Julian into his web of piety. Miss Ertz, eager to defend a new code of living, holds out a shining promise for the young. Perhaps she strays too trustingly in the quicksands of her optimistic hopes. At any rate, the book has a warm and dignified humanity which cannot fail to win your heart.

VIRGILIA PETERSON ROSS.

The Firemakers
By Rollo Walter Brown
Coward-McCann, $2.50

Mr. Brown's book is more of a treatise on living conditions in the coal-mining district of Ohio than it is a tale of human conflict. It gives you

From "Lost, Strayed or Stolen" by Marion Ashmore and Cecil Aldin (Scribners)

an almost too detailed picture of shoddy surroundings, humdrum miseries and arid ignorance. Luke Dabney, the stalwart son of a miner who had fought in the Civil War and who finally died when the shaly roof of his stope broke over his head, dreamed of escaping into a world beyond the mines. Some Staffordshire pottery, left by his mother, stirred his latent artistry. He decided to become a potter. The thread of the story follows Luke in and out of marriage, follows him away from the mines, then back, at the end, bitterly enough, to their confines. You come to know the fear of the miners' wives that each day may bring death, their dull endurance of the dirt which filters through their houses into their lungs, their unrebellious yielding to the endless scrimmage for food and its endless preparation. Among the several human crises scattered through the book, only one, where four men are walled into a mine for almost a week, stands out, harsh, simple and innately dramatic. Actuality pervades *The Firemakers*. It is undeniably graphic. Yet it lacks emotional power. This chronicle of weary lives reads like the somewhat rambling reminiscences of a socialistic-minded onlooker.

VIRGILIA PETERSON ROSS.

In Krusack's House
By Thomas Williamson
Harcourt, Brace, $2.50

Inarticulacy is a literary decoy. Inarticulate people, when they are characters in fiction, have a pull on your sympathy. Their author can lead you into their minds. You learn what they want and what thwarts them. You suffer with them for their lack of facility. Their afflictions gain importance from their inability to voice them. So, in this tale of Jencic, the second baker in a bakery beyond the pale of a prosperous city, whose dumb loneliness prompts him to help a pregnant girl deserted by her lover, you find yourself absorbed in his pain in a way which, if he were the glib, brash prototype of his kind, would be impossible. Jencic has only one friend, Krusack, the head baker for whom he works. He lives in the same house with the Krusack family. When he marries Teena and brings her there to live, his troubles begin. Teena is a tart by nature. She neither loves Jencic nor is she willing to serve him. But Jencic is too slow, too trusting to realize that her resentment is fundamental and that she makes a fool of him. She tries to ruin his friendship with Krusack. She spends his earnings. She addles his simple brain with petulance and deceit. Yet, stubbornly, he goes on loving her. Mr. Williamson writes the drama of this hunky's inner life with bare objectivity. If the book lacks *vibrato*, it is because, in his effort to be sincere, the author has withheld all fluency and fancy.

VIRGILIA PETERSON ROSS.

Behind the Blurbs

NEW volumes in Loeb Classical Library are The Speeches of Cicero, Tertullian's Apologia and the Golden Book of Minucius Felix, Volume II of Tacitus' Histories, Vitruvius' De Architectura, Plutarch's Moralia, Vol. III, and the final volume (Vol. IV) of Heraclitus. In Everyman's Library new volumes are Rousseau's *Confessions* (2 vols.), John Donne's Poems, Dostoevsky's *The Possessed* (2 vols.), The Autobiography of Richard Baxter, Quiller-Couch's *Hetty Wesley*, and a selection from Oscar Wilde.

Peacocks on Parade
By Albert Stevens Crockett
Sears, $3.50

An entertaining and richly anecdotal history of the period—between 1890 and 1910—of the new millionaires who came out of the West, and strutted their stuff before a dazzled metropolis. Their headquarters

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was the old Waldorf, whose famous Peacock Alley was their parade ground. Mr. Crockett is an authority on the eccentric figures of this departed epoch, since he knew and talked with them all, as representative of both the newspapers that chronicled their doings and the hotel where many of their deeds were done, and a very amusing, colorful and amazing tale he makes of them. Although another book with a similar title —*Peacock Alley*, by J. R. McCarthy— has just been brought out, Mr. Crockett's book is by far the more interesting and entertaining. *Peacock Alley* bears all the marks of being an official history, constructed for the sweet uses of publicity in connection with the opening of the new Waldorf.

The Blanket of the Dark
By John Buchan
Houghton Mifflin, $2.50

Lord Aveling and Sir Ralph Bonamy took the penniless Oxford scholar, Peter Pentecost, and set him at the head of a rising which was to sweep Henry VIII from the throne and lift the blanket of his oppressions from England. For Peter came of a great house. But though Henry is still squatting on his throne at the end of the story, and Peter has taken to the greenwood, before that happens there is much plotting and riding, meetings in manor houses and by the campfires of outlaws, and Peter even captures the king and spends a night with him in a ruined castle. Peter himself is an incredible character, as you might judge from his picture on the jacket, but the tale has much color and no end of authenticity.

Suspicious Characters
By Dorothy L. Sayers
Brewer & Warren, $2.00

Several people had threatened to give Campbell a thrashing, and so when he was found with his head in the burn and an unfinished canvas on the easel on the bank above him, there was quite a bevy of suspects to choose from. And right there, in spite of the presence of Lord Peter Wimsey, we lost interest in the case. For not only does Lord Peter discover an important fact which he quite unfairly conceals from us until the last chapter, but the activities of the various suspects were so bound up with complicated train timetables and bicycles and the time it would take to go from about ten places to some ten other places by bicycle, motor, train or on foot, that though we stuck it out to the end, we might just as well have been reading higher mathematics for all the sense we got out of it. And we have an unhappy feeling that Miss Sayers, whom we consider one of the three best detective story writers, has this time rather let us down.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

Music

Notable New Recordings

BEETHOVEN continues to occupy the attention of the recording companies and as long as they continue to do as well by him as they have on two of the latest releases there will be no complaints from me. In fact, the Victor album of the *Trio No. 7, in B Flat Major, Opus 97*— otherwise known as the *Archduke*—is one of the finest pieces of work ever to appear on disks[1]. The artists are Cortot, Thibaud and Casals—which should be all anybody who has ever heard them should want to know—but I think even their admirers will admit that they have outdone themselves in this set. The balance between the three instruments—piano, violin and 'cello, of course—is the most nearly perfect imaginable and the recording engineers have done their part in a manner quite worthy of the composition and the artists. By all means listen to this extraordinary album. No adjective weaker than great will do to describe it.

Never having been a particular admirer of Richard Strauss as a conductor, even of his own works, his interpretation and execution of the familiar Beethoven *Fifth Symphony* came as a most pleasant surprise[2]. The orchestra is the Berlin State Opera orchestra and, as with the *Trio* above, the recording itself is superb. Obviously, at this date, there is nothing more to be said about the *Fifth*. But even if you have one of the earlier recordings of it, I'm not sure you won't want this one, too.

I don't know why I never mentioned Durium records before in my pieces about popular music. They are made on paper, instead of shellac, coated with Durium, a patented composition. If you must have records of the same things the radio is plugging, the Durium Hit of the Week records at only fifteen cents would seem to be the answer. True, they are on only one side, but they play nearly twice as long as the ordinary ones, because of another new process, and they are light and unbreakable. For a good sample, go to a news-stand and get *I Found a Million Dollar Baby*[3].

O. C.-T.

1. Victor Album M92.
2. Brunswick Album No. 25.
3. Hit of the Week, J-2.

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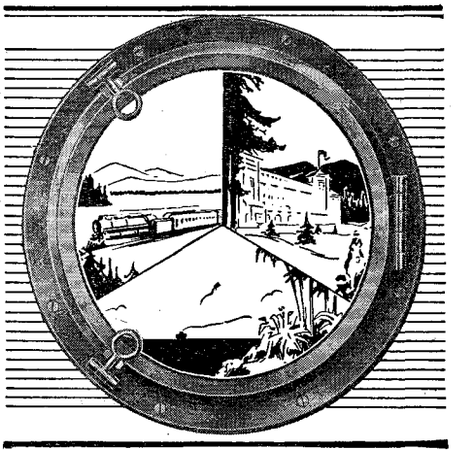

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From the Life

In a Cage

UNTIL they met each other they had been unconscious of the world, as the shells along the shore were unconscious. They were part of the world's loneliness without knowing it.

When they first saw each other they were scarcely more than baby cranes, and neither one had quite outgrown a certain awkwardness in stretching the neck, or an uncertain wobble in the new dignity of standing austerely on one leg. Nevertheless each one at once began to tremble with a chill excitement of beauty first beheld—each from that moment was conscious of the world.

In her shyness she looked away from him up overhead and was so startled by what she saw that she immediately looked back at him, and then around again in a slow wonder. She could not believe that she had ever seen the sky before.

As for him he was suddenly entranced by the swing and shiver of the sea. At his feet it broke and splintered and sang; it sighed and slipped away again, leaving behind it a floor of shells set close in a shimmering rainbow. He was sure that it had never looked like that before. Then he stared at her again and moved a bold step nearer.

For an hour the two slim feathered creatures stood side by side and beheld the world together. The sea turned slowly from blue to emerald—to crimson. The sky paled and widened and bloomed miraculously with stars, while the two half-frightened birds gazed at the revelation. At last they were inhabitants of the world. They had found companionship. They were mated.

From that moment on they found themselves in an endless maze of discovery. They had had no notion that the world was so wide, that the sky stretched further than they could ever travel, that there were so many inlets to the sea—that fish were as plentiful as stars and easier to catch. All this they found out through the discovery of being together.

They were never separated. As they grew older and their certainties increased, they found themselves urged on more eagerly by life and its unseen wonders. Would they ever have enough adventures, or find enough to look at, side by side? Other cranes watching them, lighting nearby and calling, flapped their wings and delivered endless invitations. Occasionally the two caught snatches of shouted lies, of highly colored and fabulous accounts of mysterious and far distant happenings.

But the two lovers only sank lower into their feathers and turned their eyes towards each other. They were not interested. There were not days enough to be together, even.

That is how it happened that when they were captured they were taken together. Even to the human creatures that flung the net it was clear that these two were different from the others. "They might as well be people!" exulted their captors, as the two cranes pressed closer to each other in their imprisonment. "Did you notice how they watch each other? And how they don't seem scared so long as they're left together?"

The captors were delighted. The two-legged people on the docks were delighted. But the crew and passengers on the great steamship were most charmed of all. They walked around the wooden cage admiring the graceful birds. They poked fingers, canes, umbrellas through the bars.

They even named the lovers and tried to coax them to answer the strange sounds. The final triumph came with that idea about the other birds. For there was another cage on board the steamer, crowded by seven male cranes. "Push 'em close, see?" explained a voice, "the two cages, and see if the young bloods don't take notice of the dame! That ought to make him jealous!"

When the second cage was pushed up near them, she shivered and looked around. Presently she arched her neck and moved her wings. They were pushing their heads through the bars of their cage, all seven of them, struggling to reach her, calling and fighting.

She gave an apprehensive look at her mate. Would he take her away? Why did he not take her away? But he never moved; only watched her steadily, his eyes turning a slow red.

The seven cranes pushed closer, crying to her, stretching their necks, moving their heads excitedly. She began to walk around the cage, restlessly, desperately, and suddenly stopped near them.

At that moment her mate first moved.

In twenty-four hours it was all over. It took only that short time for him to harry her to death. With his beak, with his wings, he attacked and struck at her, blinding her with blood, murdering her with fury inside the small cage.

In twenty-four hours he was alone, staring dumbly at the sea.

"Look how disconsolate he acts!" pointed some one. "Almost human."

IBBY HALL.

"Grapes of Gall"

(Continued From Page 112)

fruit juices "non-intoxicating in fact." Nobody attempted to explain, nor has any one tried to since, how a prepared concentrate which needs only fermentation to become an illegal beverage, can be construed to be the product of fruit juices manufactured in the home. But each statement by federal officials or the industry's lawyers is so artfully worded that it conveys the impression there is no difference between a kitchen-made wine not destined for any trade and a commercialized concentrate sold by carload lots.

A CASUAL perusal of the prohibition debates in Congress proves that Section 29 was not intended to legalize the sale of any sort of beverage, alcoholic or non-alcoholic. It was inserted solely as a loophole to please rural constituencies, whose votes for ratification were needed, by permitting farmers and their wives to preserve fruits. Otherwise, the "accidental" fermentation of preserves or cider would have brought every good Republican agriculturalist and prohibitionist within the shadow of the law. So says Senator Morris Sheppard, of Texas, actual author of the Volstead Act. So incensed at the perversion of the statute is he that he means to plug the "leak" with additional amendments, if he can.

Such arguments, however, made no impression upon Mr. Mitchell when he was questioned concerning the seeming hypocrisy and dishonesty of the government's policy. He was, in truth, in a difficult position. He faced the alternative of ruling that the sale of the concentrate was legal, and thereby stirring the drys, or of placing the Farm Board in the predicament of financing an illegal trade.

It is little wonder that he preferred not to discuss the matter publicly or privately. He did not, he said, "care to revive the whole controversy." For weeks he parried all queries until he could no longer escape or equivocate. Then, in desperation, he read what he characterized as a statement of the department's policy. Then, too, the smooth and silent Mr. Mitchell revealed what almost everybody knew, namely, that the Hoover Administration was evading and undermining the dry laws, without, however, having the courage or honesty to say so.

What Mr. Mitchell dug out of the files was a four-year-old release which, at the time of its issuance, appeared to have little significance. It simply announced the department's acceptance of a ruling in a West Virginia case in which a jury had held that homemade wine, although containing more than one-half of 1 per cent. alcohol, was not an illegal

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beverage. It did not, however, have the slightest concern with the sale of grape concentrate, which had not then appeared on the market. It dealt only with wine made in the home for consumption in the home.

The West Virginia decision held that the homemade product was "non-intoxicating in fact," but it did not, since the issue was not raised, say what was and was not intoxicating under this section of the law—Section 29. But the department's announcement did. With a significance entirely overlooked, it pointed out that when ex-Representative John Philip Hill of Baltimore made cider of 10 per cent. in the famous test case, a federal judge and jury had agreed it was not "intoxicating in fact."

Mr. Mitchell, incidentally, was Solicitor General when the West Virginia decision was handed down. He did not, as he might have done had he been desirous of clarifying the law—Section 29, take an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States. He concurred in so far as silence and non-action meant concurrence. This, then, is the Attorney General's sole legal defense for the Administration's benign attitude toward the sale of grape concentrate.

It is, too, the nearest approach to defense or justification that any high federal official has ventured. Simply to state it is, clearly, to demonstrate its utter inapplicability to the prohibition problem raised by Messrs. Conn, Gregory, Teague, Hoover and Mrs. Willebrandt —good and patriotic Californians all! Nevertheless, the Farm Board, only a month ago, authorized another loan to the grape industry, thereby exhibiting an honesty and consistency not to be found with respect to this question in any other department of the government.

MR. WOODCOCK, to be sure, has declared that each prohibition administrator must handle these matters for himself under the general instruction that it is the "intent" which determines whether the sale of concentrate is a violation of the law. In other words, each salesman—and there are hundreds, especially as there is a large turnover among these alcoholic agents—is to be tracked down and his methods of salesmanship scrutinized. Could anything, one asks immediately, be more futile—or funny!

Forgetting, for the moment, the light which the grape concentrate advertisements cast upon the underlying intent of the industry, it is interesting to examine the system under which the product is sold. The purchaser is given no instructions, in fact there is no conversa-

(Continued on the Next Page)

Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

"THEY laughed at me until I stopped trying to speak French." How often have we heard this complaint from returning travelers who learned this tricky foreign language in high school or by mail. But they wouldn't have laughed—or so some very credible authorities tell us—if Linguaphone had been the teacher. For a Linguaphone course consists of 30 conversational lessons recorded on 15 double disc records, with an accompanying textbook containing text and illustrations that follow the spoken record. You listen to the first record for a few times, and presently construction and pronunciation become clear to you. You learn by listening and imitating; such memorizing as you do is done almost unconsciously. Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells endorse the system, in which you can take courses in French, German, Spanish, Italian, Russian, Swedish, Dutch, Afrikaans, Irish, English, Esperanto, Persian and Chinese.

ODAC is an air conditioner. There is a cylinder that fastens to the front of an electric fan. Inside the cylinder is a bottle containing liquid. This bottle is put inside the cylinder upside down, with its nose resting on a felt pad that soaks up the liquid and lets it evaporate slowly. Turn on the fan, and your Odac is on the air. Very pleasant and clean smelling, and knocks out cooking and other odors quickly. It is, we believe, some sort of formaldehyde, descented in some way so that it has very little odor of its own.

THE Cadet Pre-heater is a little device which may be a lot of help to you next winter, if you expect to keep your car in a cold garage and don't want to go to the expense of putting in a stove of some kind. For the Pre-heater can be attached to your motor; then all you have to do when you want to start the car after it has been standing all night is plug into an electric light socket and turn on the switch, and it will warm up your motor in thirty to forty minutes. Or you can leave on low heat all night, and the car is ready to start easily whenever you want it. It is said to be absolutely safe, since the heating element is immersed in water, and there is a safety fuse to prevent overheating if the water system of the car runs dry. It costs very little to operate, and takes a lot of strain off your battery and a lot of worry off your mind. It is, of course, not a substitute for anti-freeze mixtures, which are needed when running.

IF YOU'RE one of these ensemble hounds you can now get toenail polish in red, green, violet, blue and black to match your bathing suit. Salt water resistant too. What's needed now is something to stain the teeth and the whites of the eyeballs, for when you're all in green, say, these flashing whites are inharmonious, to say the least.

And another beauty note we have gleaned for you is the talcum powder atomizer, which shoots powder when you press the bulb just as a perfume atomizer does.

NULUSTRE is a metal-polishing cloth, treated with a chemical that shines up brass, chromium, aluminum and nickel without too much perspiration.

WE DON'T do a great deal of hemstitching, and if we had to picot or ruffle we'd have to get out the dictionary first, but we understand that there is a very good device which will accomplish all these things, costs only a dollar, and can be attached quickly to any machine. It's known as the Jiffy Hemstitcher Attachment.

ANOTHER of those game books is *Synonym Golf*, just published by the Mohawk Press. Eighteen words are given you, and the trick is for you to find the synonym with the fewest letters. Par on each word is given, but it is always possible to beat par for the course. There are 84 sets of words given in the book.

IF YOU are a housewife with some time on your hands, and would like to make a little extra money, have a look at a book called *How to Make Money at Home*, just out. It offers no royal road to wealth, but there are plenty of suggestions which, if followed up, should put a little jam on the everyday bread and butter.

FOR the center of your dining table we have seen a decorative plaque of plate glass, engraved or plain, 16 inches across, which is designed to hold a floral centerpiece. It is raised three quarters of an inch from the table-top on a felt-covered base, which has ball bearings, so that the plaque can be used as a sort of Lazy Susan.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

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"Grapes of Gall"

(Continued from Page 125)

tion concerning the past, present and future of the concentrate. It is delivered and fixed for fermentation by the salesman or his agent with the warning that the customer must not profane it with his hands. In six weeks the agent returns and bottles the fermented product. It is then a potent beverage of some 14 per cent. alcohol, and a few glasses, depending upon the individual capacity, will intoxicate.

WINE bricks, which are patterned after the concentrate idea but manufactured by a rival concern that does not appear to enjoy the funds or favor of the Hoover Administration, raise the same legal question. A recent edition of the *Clipsheet*, the weekly organ of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, contains a quotation from the *Christian Science Monitor* which tells the whole story—another story without words.

"The wine bricks are sold," says the *Clipsheet*, "not with instructions—oh! no! but with warnings. These warnings are printed on the wrapper of each brick. They counsel the buyer to:—

" 'Dissolve one brick in one gallon of plain water. Treat this exactly as you would freshly pressed fruit juices for home use.

" 'Sugar may be added, according to taste, usually one pound for the dry types, two pounds for the sweet types. The beverage should be consumed within five days; otherwise, in summer temperature it might ferment and become wine.

" 'To prevent fermentation: Add one-tenth per cent. of benzoate of soda.' "

In view of all this, it is perplexing to discover that the professional prohibitionists present no formal protest against such weakening of the bulwarks of the Grand Old Law. But it may furnish some measure of their sincerity to contrast Mrs. Willebrandt's present position with her attitude as reflected in briefs she filed with the Supreme Court of the United States when she was Assistant Attorney General in charge of liquor cases.

"The true test for construction of the statute [prohibition]," she once declared, "is the intent of Congress. That intent can be ascertained by viewing the language used in the light of the general purpose of the act and the difficulties of enforcement inherent in the nature of the subject matter thereof. Congress has not left the slightest doubt as to its intent, specifically saying in Section 3 of the Volstead Act that all the provisions of that act shall be liberally construed to the end that the use of intoxicating liquor as a beverage may be prevented."

In another brief she abjured the court to remember that "the letter killeth but the spirit keepeth alive." Indeed, it was during the Mitchell-Willebrandt régime that the department held the dry laws to signify the desire of Congress for a "bone-dry" nation. It was in accord with their urging that the court held illegal the sale of such inorganic and comparatively harmless utensils as corks, bottles, kegs, filters. Without these articles, it may be noted, there would undoubtedly be no market for grape concentrate.

Anti-Saloon League spokesmen, likewise, maintain a strange silence, apparently acquiescing in whatever attitude the Administration is pleased to make them take. Their predicament is quite understandable. Should the Democrats nominate a wet, and also incorporate a demand for repeal in their platform, the drys must support Mr. Hoover, no matter how they may squirm under his stealthy weakening of the dry laws. To be fair to the white-ribboners, it should be said that they are accepting what they regard as the lesser of two evils.

In so far as inquiry reveals, the League's only pronouncement has come from Dr. Arthur H. Briggs, the Anti-Salooners' superintendent for Northern California. It was he who took the platform to defend his fellow-Californians when the drys threatened to denounce the concentrate sale last fall. Appearing alongside Mrs. Willebrandt, who also put in a good word for her California President and her California clients, Dr. Briggs assured the drys that all was holy and legal.

"The Fruit Industries Ltd. that manufactures grape juice," he said, "is a grower-owned enterprise, and a majority of its directors are prohibitionists. The industry should be watched critically but sympathetically. The dry cause is fortunate that 97 per cent. of all the grapes of the United States are now in this California coöperative. They are under observation and they have sworn to see that their product does not go into bootleg channels."

The one dry who dares to question the Administration's policy is Dr. Clarence True Wilson, executive secretary of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals. He who once dubbed Mrs. Willebrandt a "Joan of Arc" now looks down upon her as a fallen angel. Her prohibition zeal, he muses, lulled the drys into thinking that whatever she did must be right, but now it is his opinion that "she put one over on us." In retaining her as counsel, the good doctor fears, the grape growers sought to buy both the approval of the government and the acquiescence of the drys. So far, except for him, it appears that the industry has succeeded.

Despite these satiric jibes and more serious threats, the Administration continues to blink at the problems inherent in the sale of wine bricks and concentrate. Even the Wickersham Commission, in one of its few honest moments, characterized it as "an invitation to hypocrisy," and recommended additional legislation to outlaw such a trade. Congressional wets, with an earnestness that would better become their alcoholic foes, cry for another law to hit at the official and unofficial evasionists.

The end is not yet, however. The breach first made in the law by its supposed friends is widening.

TAKING example from producers of these mellow wines, the brewers have placed on the market wort and beer beverages which become alcoholic through much the same principle of permitting Nature to take its course. To interfere with this trade will be to make public the mockery of the Administration's attitude on the whole subject of prohibition, to endanger the Farm Board's loans, and so it has been met with another of those vast and discreet silences in which the Hoover Administration specializes.

Thus, it seems, dry America may soon find itself upon a beer-and-wine basis, even though the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act still stand unchanged and unchanging.

Truly, prohibition, though no longer —to the honest mind—"an experiment noble in motive"—may be an elastic and excellent thing in political practice.

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of the Week in the Outlook of September 19, 1951

At the annual meeting of the Society of American Mayors, held at Indianapolis last week, papers were read entitled "What to Say at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier" and "The Walker System of Increased Salaries with Fewer Days of Work."

The International Peace Foundation announced Monday that during its next fiscal year $400,000 would be awarded in prizes for humane and feasible plans to reduce the population of all countries.

"In these decorous and tranquil days it is hard to realize," said an editorial in the October, 1951, issue of *The Pilgrim*, "that in the early Nineteen-Thirties this country lived through a nightmare of murderous racketeers, scanty bathing suits, and Prohibition."

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Roosevelt: A Biography

(*Continued from Page* 110)

"The more fool I! Why, that lunatic didn't have his right senses. At first he wouldn't eat." . . . You know Snyder, don't you? (Snyder was a huge, happy-go-lucky cowpuncher, at that time Bill Jones's deputy). Well, he's plumb stuck on his running and he's soft-hearted, too. He'd think that lunatic looked peaked and he'd take him out on the prairie for an airing and the boys they'd josh him as to how much start he could give the lunatic and then catch him again. . . . Well, he always did catch him."

The temple of justice in Medora was a low building with two rooms, in one of which Bill Jones slept, and in the other the lunatic. Bill continued: "You know Bixby? Well, Bixby thinks he's funny. . . . He used to come and wake that lunatic up when I had gone to bed and then I'd have to get up and soothe him. But I fixed Bixby! I . . . . let the lunatic out on him and he almost bit his nose off. I learned Bixby!" With which specimen of rather full-bodied humor the story closed.

Some one said profoundly that Theodore Roosevelt's life was the ultimate dream of every typical American boy: he fought in a war, killed lions, became President, and quarrelled with the Pope. The years in the Bad Lands constituted another rôle which every boy plays in imagination. Roosevelt wore gaudy clothes. He was a deputy sheriff. He caught some thieves. He had been in the West for only a short time when he had his first encounter with a bad man. This was at a small hotel which Roosevelt reached after a day spent looking for lost horses. He had to pass through the bar to reach his room and was immediately hailed as "Four-Eyes" by this specimen of western virility.

"Four-Eyes is going to treat!" the man said.

According to Roosevelt's own version of the incident, the bad man advanced brandishing his six-shooter. The young ranchman, watching carefully, noticed that he stood with his heels too close together, and so could be thrown off his balance by a sudden blow. Roosevelt swung; the bad man fell against the bar and struck his head. He was deposited in a shed to cool off.

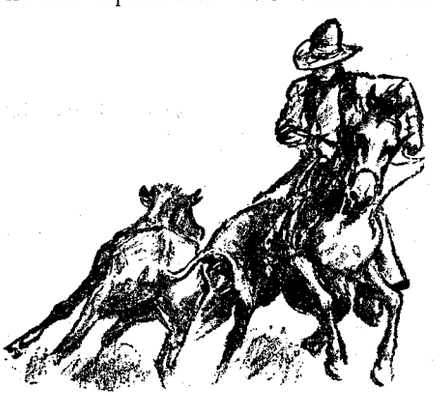
The final adventure was with the Marquis de Mores, whose impressive plans had been progressing none too well. That Roosevelt and the Frenchman irritated each other is clear. Like Roosevelt, de Mores exulted in gay costumes. He had arrived at Little Missouri first and he was by far the most vital figure when Roosevelt came. A minor clash or two occurred during 1884. The influence of the Marquis diminished after Roosevelt's arrival, partly because he was a foreigner. It was soon a matter for barroom gossip that he resented Roosevelt's presence in Medora. Vague talk circulated to the effect that the region was not big enough for them both. In August, 1885, a dispute with Roosevelt over the purchase of some cattle attracted enough comment to merit attention in the *Pioneer Press* of St. Paul.

Naturally enough, Roosevelt's friends make de Mores the villain in the friction which followed. They insisted that he had allied himself with the evil element. They told of a shooting scrape in 1883 in which one Riley Luffsey had been killed; the implication being that de Mores was behind it. Gregor Lang, one of Roosevelt's close associates, was an outspoken critic and said bluntly that the killing had been unnecessary. The matter slumbered for two years.

ONE dream after another in which de Mores had envisioned the future of Medora failed. On August 26, 1885, although no further evidence had been uncovered, he was indicted for the murder of Luffsey and concluded: first, that his business enemies were responsible; second, that Roosevelt was behind it. There is ample evidence for the first and none for the second. The Marquis was brought to trial at Mandan and was promptly acquitted. On September 3 he addressed an angry letter to Roosevelt. Joe Ferris, he said, had been instrumental in the prosecution:

> . . . . The papers also publish very stupid accounts of our quarrelling. . . . Is this done by your order? I thought you my friend. If you are my enemy, I want to know it. I am always on hand, as you know, and between gentlemen it is easy to settle matters of this sort directly.

Roosevelt reached Medora from the East in October. It is not clear whether he received the communication while in New York or upon his arrival. Rumors were immediately current that he had been challenged to a duel by the Marquis and had replied that rifles would be his choice of weapons, that they would meet at twelve paces and fire until one of them dropped. It is impossible to sift fact from fiction in weighing the exploits of Roosevelt in the Bad Lands. Inevitably, as Medora joined the ranks of cow towns that failed, he became a legend; the stories about him may have been embroidered by repetition. The Marquis is mentioned only once or twice in all the magazine articles and books written by Roosevelt about the Bad Lands. No mention is made of the duel. No letter suggesting rifles at twelve paces has survived. He did preserve, however, the communication from de Mores and on the back of this, in Roosevelt's writing, was drafted a reply:



> Most emphatically I am not your enemy; if I were, you would know it, for I would be an open one, and would not have asked you to my house nor gone to yours. As your final words, however, seem to imply a threat, it is due to myself to say that the statement is not made through any fear of possible consequences to me; I, too, as you know, am always on hand, and ever ready to hold myself accountable in any way for anything I have said or done.

Perhaps the choice of weapons was made in a subsequent draft, actually delivered to de Mores. Undoubtedly Roosevelt, quick to accept any challenge, had interpreted the letter from the Marquis as a demand for satisfaction on the field of honor, nor was he without basis in so believing. But there was no duel. The Marquis, according to the reminiscences of those who were then in Medora, hastened to say that he had been misunderstood.

The differences between Roosevelt and de Mores were soon forgotten in common disaster. A good part of the winter, including Christmas, was spent in Medora that year. Late in 1885 Roosevelt had been gratified by appointment as a Deputy Sheriff of Billings County. In March, 1886, he captured three thieves who had stolen a boat belonging to his ranch and fled down the river. Meanwhile the cattleman had been doing a good deal of literary work. He told his friends and family in the East about this exploit and was quickly informed that it would be wiser not to make it the subject of a magazine article. "As both you and Cabot advise so strongly against sending in the horse thief piece to *The Century*," he wrote to his older sister on June 28, 1886, "I suppose I shall keep that, too." There had been alarm lest Theodore's narrative of life among the bold, bad men of the West seem extravagant in the East. "I shall take good care," he added plaintively, "that the pronoun 'I' does not appear once in the whole piece . . . .

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CONDITIONS OF THE *REMARKABLE REMARKS CONTEST*

☆☆☆☆☆☆

For the best Remarkable Remarks contributed by Outlook readers the Outlook will award weekly prizes of $5 for the one judged best, and $2 each for as many more as may be adjudged worthy of inclusion in the column.

Entries for each week's contest close at 12 o'clock noon on the Monday of the week preceding date of publication.

All Remarkable Remarks must be direct quotations and must be accompanied by evidence of their source. If the Remarkable Remark selected by any contributor has appeared in the press, it must be accompanied by clipped evidence, showing the author of the remark and the name and date of the publication in which it appeared. If the Remarkable Remark has appeared in a book, the title of the book and the name of its author, together with the number of the page upon which the Remarkable Remark is to be found, must be submitted.

All Remarkable Remarks must be accompanied by a single sentence explaining why the contributor considers the contributed remark remarkable.

In case two or more contributors submit the same Remarkable Remark which is judged worthy of any prize, the contributor whose Remarkable Remark is accompanied by the best—briefest and wittiest—explanatory sentence will be awarded the prize.

The editors of the Outlook are the sole judges of the contest and are ineligible to compete. All contributions should be sent to the Remarkable Remarks Editor.

One minor result of not sending in these various pieces will be to prevent my going to the Rockies . . . ." His mentors were adamant however. The account was not published until 1888.

The winter of 1886-87 is still remembered in the Bad Lands. Roosevelt was not there to see the snows which started in November and continued for weeks. Woodsmen and hunters had been predicting that a hard winter was coming. The birds and beasts which could migrate had fled earlier than usual; the "Arctic owls, who come only in hard winters, were about." The wolves and coyotes grew longer coats. Few living things survived. The cattle died by tens of thousands. Men searched for them in the storms and never returned. In one or two cabins, cut off by the blizzards, insanity added to the horror. When spring came the melting snows uncovered desolation. Roosevelt went out in April, 1887, and reported that the losses were terrific.

So ended the adventure in the West. So ended Medora. The *Bad Lands Cowboy* suspended. The pleasant sound of glasses in the Williams saloon died away. The bad men and the villains, the cowboys and the cattlemen, departed for more lucrative fields, and in their wake trudged the ladies of easy virtue. Roosevelt spent part of the summer of 1887 at the Elkhorn Ranch, winding up his affairs and selling the remnants of his cattle at a loss.

Theodore Roosevelt, candidate for the vice presidency, saw the Bad Lands again on September 12, 1900. He had been on a long and exhausting tour in praise of McKinley and the Republican party. Synthetic cowboys, hired for $2.50 a day to ride in parades in the middle West, had hailed the commander of the Rough Riders. Now Roosevelt was leaving these imitation horsemen; his train was crawling across the prairies. When it stopped at Chamberlain, South Dakota, some real cowboys galloped up. At the clapboard station were buckboards, ponies, men and women on horseback.

Hastily, while the train waited, a small reception was held. Roosevelt leaned from the platform and shook hands; managed a joke or two. But he seemed subdued. Then the train made its way toward Medora, through the country Roosevelt knew so well. For some minutes the cowboys spurred their horses after it, whooping and shouting. They were dim specks on the horizon as Roosevelt, his arms clasped over the brake-handle and his chin on his wrist, continued to sit on the observation platform and watch the steel rails recede.

A member of the vice-presidential party looked for him later and found the door blocked by a colored Pullman porter.

"The Governor don't want to see nobody for a while," he said apologetically.

A few days later the train stopped at Medora. Roosevelt mounted a horse and rode, by himself, into the broken contours of the Bad Lands.

•

Roosevelt was once a Free Trader, but by the time he ran for Mayor of New York in 1886 he had changed his views. His opponents were Henry George and Abram S. Hewitt, who won, with Roosevelt third, as will be told in the next installment. Roosevelt had not yet found himself; he was still groping. During this period he married his childhood playmate, Edith Carow

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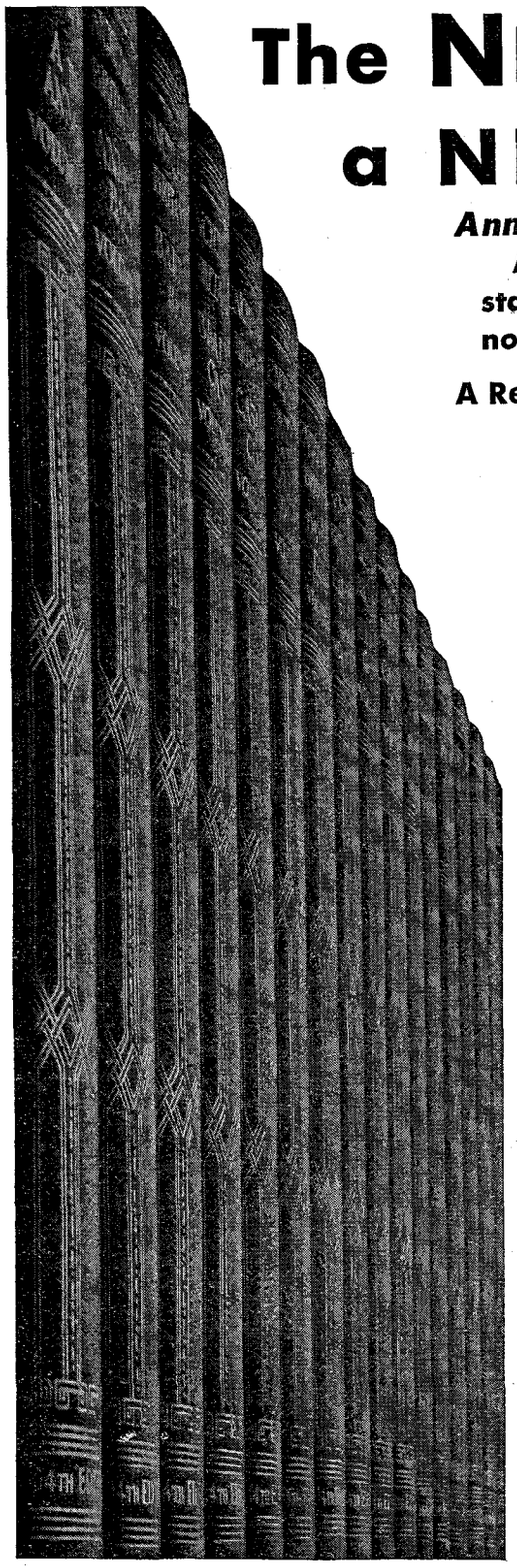

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